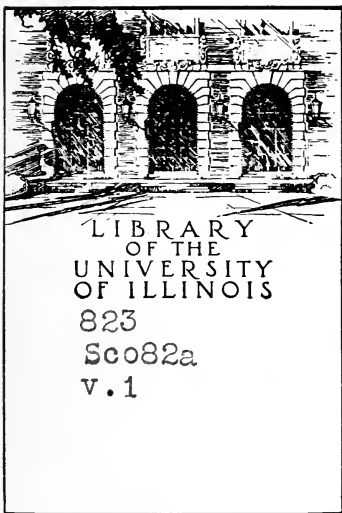






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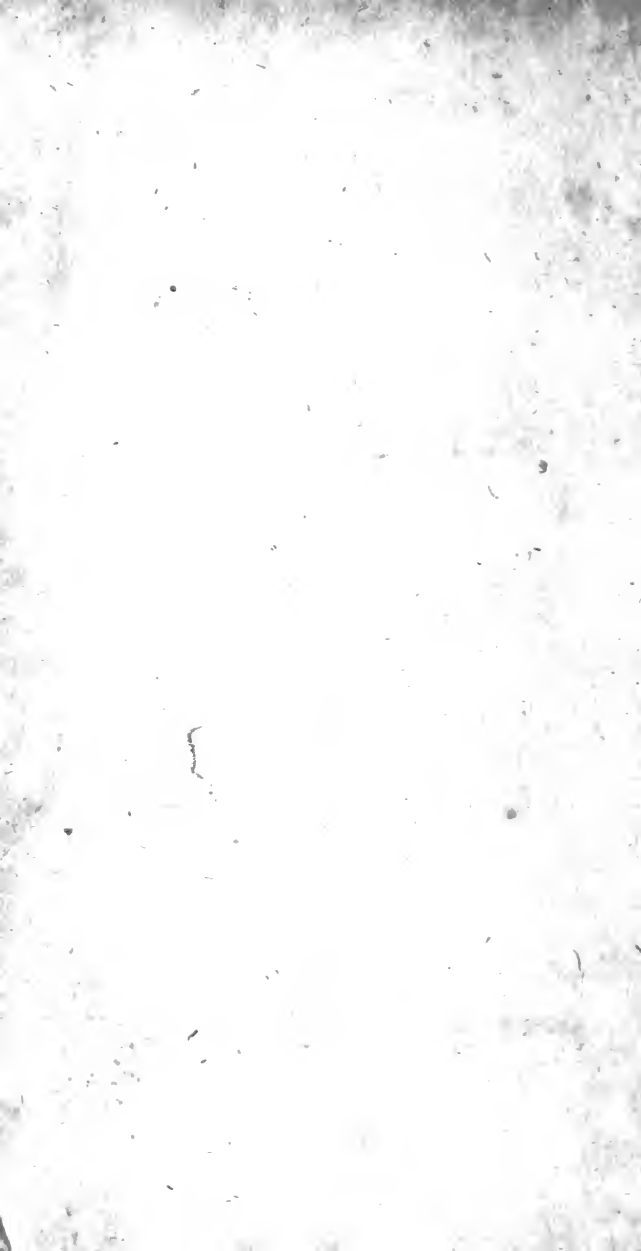
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AMATORY TALES,

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VOL. I.

White and Lewis, Printers,
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AMATORY TALES

OF

SPAIN, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND,

AND THE

MEDITERRANEAN:

CONTAINING

THE FAIR ANDALUSIAN; ROSOLIA OF PALERMO;

AND

THE MALTESE PORTRAIT:

INTERSPERSED WITH PIECES OF ORIGINAL POETRY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By HONORIA SCOTT,

AUTHOR OF THE WINTER IN EDINBURGH, &c.

“ Oh! how this spring of Love resembleth

“ Th’ uncertain glory of an April day;

“ Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,

“ And by and by a cloud takes all away.”

VOL. I.

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THE
FAIR ANDALUSIAN.

CHAPTER I.

Stern winter smiles on this auspicious clime;
The rocks are florid with unfading prime:
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, and flake the fleecy snow;
But, from the breezy deep, the blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.

HOMER.

ON the 17th of March, the Swiss regiment of Valmont disembarked on Mount Calpe; a season when the rainy cataracts having subsided, every fissure

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of the rock yielded its tribute of vegetation. Morning slowly withdrew its veil of mists, as the early gun, reverberating through the excavations of the mountain, awoke the hum of languages, the various occupations of the motley people:---Spaniards, entering the barriers with fruit and game; fishermen, drawing from their nets the varieties of the Mediterranean sea, or vending the coralline productions fished from watry caverns at the feet of Abyla; listless Genoese, reclining near piles of lemons and dates; Jews, carrying burthens, or exposing merchandise for sale; and Moors, hastening to the Almeyda, with Esparto mats, and ring-doves of Mauritania, in cages of reed.

Passing hastily through a crowd, singularly picturesque from variety of costume, the strangers proceeded to the south; where giving the necessary or-

ders for the accommodation of their men, the officers dispersed amongst the romantic sheds of Europa, in quest of the quarters severally allotted them.

Situated on a rugged mass, evidently rent from the surrounding ones by the convulsions of an earthquake, and elevated to all the grandeur of prospect, the Chevalier Du Marr beheld with pleasure his assigned abode, porticoed by vines, and placed in the centre of a small hanging garden, from whence the flowering myrtle and geranium pursued each rich vein of mould, down the steep acclivities of the rock.

Whilst his servant busied himself in the interior of the shed, the chevalier seated himself near its entrance, and surveyed with admiration a prospect, magnificent even to one accustomed to Alpine views. Behind the group of rustic cabins scattered near Europa, the

lofty rock arose, resembling in its upward sweep an immense and broken wave; rejecting alike cultivation or spontaneous verdure, its summit frowned on the luxuriance below, where Mount Pleasant, and the romantic dwellings in its vicinity, first lured its bosom to the embraces of Flora: there, the Spanish broom mixed its white and yellow blossoms with the departing blush of the almond; the dark Alcarobe received on its sombre foliage the scarlet flowers of the pomegranate; fragrant orange and lemon trees showered perfume on myrtles; and the spiky pear formed its barrier of rich and impenetrable leaves. Below, hung the vineyards and gardens, raised on the ruins of St. Rosia; extending to its romantic mound, edged with fortification, and laved by the ocean.

The wild pass of Europa just dis-

closed on the left the few rudely sculptured tombs, raised amid its solitary rocks, marked by the frequent cross.

The eye, bounded on the right in its home view, passed to Andalusia; where the scattered village of St. Roque received, from its elevation, the beams of morning. A Moorish ruin appeared in misty distance; more advanced, glided the Palmones, tribute of Granadine snows, and the Guadaranque, laving ancient Carteia. The lofty Orespedas extended their Pyrenean branch in front, screening Algeiras and its "forted isle;" and rising partly dark with immense forests of cork, partly elevated above the sombre green, in rugged masses, marked alone by the scath of lightning, or the mule's adventurous path.

Crossing the sparkling ocean, dotted by the picturesque sails of the Mediterranean, the eye of Du Marr rested on

striking features of African scenery:---
Abyla, giving a bold character to the foreground, and more distant the mountains of Mauritania, forming in purpling shades, their rich aerial perspective.

Vision does not pass more rapidly the extent of prospect, than mind embraces its history, however distant the dates. The actions of the modern Elliott, consecrating the rock on which he stood; the exploits of the ancient Hannibal, involving in their fury the destruction of Carteia, marked only by the few fragments strewn round the solitary tower of Rocadilla; the misty mountain of Munda, famed by the victory of Cæsar over the Pompeys; the sandy deserts, from which the exiled Moor beholds the terrestrial paradise of his fathers; and inspired by hope, gives in his departing hour their legacy in turn to his children;

“ The sacred key of Spanish bowers :

THE FAIR ANDALUSIAN.

All, on the rapid wing of imagination ; came to the mind of the chevalier, as wrapt in contemplation, he surveyed the scene.

He was roused at length from his reverie, by an invitation from the owner of an adjoining dwelling. Captain Montolieu had observed the arrival of the stranger, and sent his domestic to request he would partake of his morning repast, spread in the influence of the western breeze.

Du Marr found his entertainer a young man of very pleasing exterior, graceful in the courtesies of life, a "thought graver than youth," with somewhat of the affectation of singularity.

In the Swiss, Montolieu beheld that estimable character the storms of the revolution have nearly swept from society ; the foreign officer of accomplished manners, chivalric principle, and

enthusiastic honor. Du Marr approached forty, yet looked younger; and had much of the intelligent expression rarely accompanying fine features.

Their conversation commenced in French; but Montolieu understanding his guest spoke English, and prided himself in the attainment, delicately gave him an opportunity of displaying it. The stranger expressed himself delighted with the external appearance of Gibraltar, and was minute in his enquiries as to the state of its society, amusements, and sources of intellectual pleasure.

Montolieu smiled. "I am," observed he, "considered a cynic; from me, therefore, no opinion should be received; yet I am free to declare my belief, your admiration of surrounding objects, your high-wrought expectation, will sink to the apathy epidemic here; and only roused by the signs of a Levanter, or the arrival of a fleet."

“The influence of the fair must, however, be great,” said the Swiss; “are not the lovely Briton and graceful Andalusian charming contrasts?”

“My countrywomen,” replied Montolieu, “assume here a character that displeases me; this I leave to your experience:---as to the Andalusians, few of any rank visit the fortress; but the general traits of their women are unequalled captivation, inconstancy, and romance; and in saying only this, I imitate their coquetry, and draw a veil over the worst feature. Our society may not be unaptly compared to the scene before us: above, tower commanding, bold, but sterile summits; below, lurk dangerous rocks, half hid by the refuse of the Spanish shores; a rich vein runs between the extremes; thither I direct my steps in search of health; and by observing the same rule,

in the Almeyda, the parade, the library, the assembly, and the playhouse, I avoid spleen, disgust, and the train of mental diseases. Come," added he, smiling at the serious expression of Du Marr's countenance, "I invite you to a tour of my abode; it may divert your mind from the austerity of my opinions."

Montolieu's dwelling consisted of three rooms, opening to the west; a trellis of vines and passion flowers extended in front of the windows, forming a portico of foliage, to whose pillars Spanish alcarazas* presented elegant chapiters; on the humid surface of these clay vases seeds had been strewn, whose rapid vegetation twined them with garlands. A space paved with

* Used for cooling waters.

smooth pebbles, and strewed with maize, lured

“ The little trooping doves,”

the large Spanish pigeon and Barbary turtle.

The furniture of the apartments consisted of sofas of green Maltese rush, unframed drawings, fastened by knots of ribbon ; African mats ; a bed covered with green net, and a table of dark and highly polished marble, on which was placed a bowl of rock spar ; round, hung shelves, on which some fine specimens of coral and shells, mingled with music and books.

The *petite* garden, divided in parterres by the marine spoils of the isthmus, shed carnations and jessamine over the rocks, down which the fisher-

man's dangerous path appeared winding to the ocean.

Montolieu, at parting, pressed a renewal of Du Marr's visit with warmth unusual to him; nor did the Swiss hesitate in his promise: he felt gratified by attention from an accomplished man, who had owned himself averse to society, and even the tincture of misanthropy mingling in Montolieu's discourse excited curiosity. Thus the seeds of friendship are sown:---the fault is obvious; but we seek the society of the possessor, solicitous, by marking him in society, to find its excuse.

CHAPTER II.

- " If misfortune comes, she brings along
" The bravest virtues
"
" To men of other minds my fancy flies."

THE regiment of Valmont were composed of different nations; men whom misfortune had united, but whose spirit she had not subdued. The cup of calamity had been severally presented them during the sanguinary scenes of a continental war; but the impression had faded or remained, according to the national shades of character.

The venerable Count de Valmont, on whose aged head the storms of France

had beat heavy, on whose heart the fate of a once loved, and yet regretted family pressed, regarded his officers with the affection of a parent, yet, in their hours of hilarity retired to musing and solitude.

His major, a cool phlegmatic German, though he felt from indolence of habit and advanced age, little relish for parties usually denominated those of pleasure, permitted his young wife to enter every scene of gaiety. Du Rose, at sixty, had married the daughter of a Swiss Pastor, who, dreading the approaches of war to his once happy abode, joyfully gave his Josephine to the veteran's protection, at a period when her beauty had scarce passed the confines of childhood. By the care of her husband she received instruction in every accomplishment, from the first masters; and gaining dignity with her

years, was now an elegant and fascinating woman. The major, by his confidence, shewed an accurate judgment of her character; her gaiety proceeded from innocence of heart, her almost infantine playfulness, from "unblemished thoughts."

Most of the elder officers were men mingling thought with talent; but it was amongst the ephemera of the corps that national traits were most observable. Du Marr, "too far travelled to allow the prejudices of country to adhere as burs in his garment," could not repress a smile, when on his tour of visits, after arriving in garrison, he beheld their variety of occupations and approaches to comfort.

The *gourmand* Bosse, an inflated German, sat surrounded by liqueurs and incitements to the pleasures of the table.

Borgoise, a young Frenchman, by an unlucky *coup de main*, had secured the equilibrium of a wretched daubing of his tutelary saint, Jean Jaques Rousseau, by volumes of Rabelais and Voltaire; above appeared a threatening *couteau de chasse* and a pair of pistols.

Immorality and infidelity, as supporters of sentiment, and crowned by suicide, might reasonably awake fears for the owner of the abode. Du Marr's were, however quieted, by a glance towards the garden, where Borgoise sat caressing a monkey, who doubtless, from his affectation of gravity previous to any unlucky prank, was designated St. Preux.

Danville, more the child of folly than offence, had directed his servant to twine dark branches round his casement, "*pour inspirer le philosophie*," as he penned a sonnet to a swarthy Spa-

nish belle, loitering near, and chanting at intervals notes, to which his neighbour, an Italian, obstinately shut every aperture of sound.

Du Marr reached the cabin of his Swiss friend Vosier, around which the dappled goat broused, as his domestic was petitioning to ascend the rock, from whose elevation he had heard a *petite Mont Blanc* might be descried.-- Sacred be the love of country, however rude the bosom that enshrines it!

Du Marr, as he slowly pursued his way along the road leading to the town, shaded on one side by lofty trees, on the other exposed to the freshest breath of that element whose waters laved the batteries, was overtaken by Montolieu. They paused near South Port, to observe gardens extending on the left, blooming in vegetative life, and

their gloomy contrast on the other, where tombs, decorated with shells, rose from "dank weeds and noisome brakes."

As they entered the town, the Swiss, with some humour described the occupations of his brother officers.

"Do you not in this imitate the policy of Scarron?" replied Montolieu; "and by laughing yourself, prevent the laugh of others? believe me, you need not; for every foreign absurdity I pledge myself to produce ten English. Come," added he, looking at his watch, "I have an hour to devote to you before I attend the theatre; you must accompany me to the library."

"The theatre!" said the Swiss, somewhat surprised.

"Did I omit informing you I act the lover?" replied Montolieu; nay, "I

write prologues, too; no easy task for a man more "commanded than commanding:"

"For how should mortal man, in mortal verse,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearse?
But give, kind dullness, memory and rhyme,
We'll put off genius till another time."

At these words they came on the stone terrace, extending before the library, surrounded by high iron rails, and adorned by plots of flowers. The edifice forms a handsome object in view; the lower part appropriated to a well-chosen collection of books, and the rooms above to the amusements of the garrison. Balconies open on a garden, rising with the acclivity, and filled with orange and pomgranate trees, the spreading fig, and hardy myrtle.

The stranger, as he surveyed the

groupes seated round the library, and cast his eyes on their incentives to study, displayed in the surrounding volumes, could have wished the absence of Montolieu; who, as he pointed out men and books, spoke of either with more of his assumed severity than his smothered judgment.

“Behold,” said he, motioning to a shelf on which lay a late purchase of scarce and valuable Spanish books; “the canons legacy to Gil Blas!” Could we not have been content with our ancient treasures, that rare trial, *Rome versus Fandango*, and *Donna Segudilla’s* holy farces?---Here,” proceeding on, “are novels; may they soften our fair; so shall young subalterns find partners, and old field officers lack them.”

The librarian now accosted Du Marr, and finding he was appointed represen-

tative of his corps, explained a code of excellent regulations, and pointed out some valuable additions to the library lately arrived. Mr. B—— was an emigrant of extensive literary information, and of most unshaken fidelity towards the government under whose protection he remained. After a friendly recognition of him, Montolieu walked to the further end of the apartment in quest of a book.

“ Captain Montolieu is a character,” said Du Marr, smilingly, to B——.

“ A man, who with his person does not intrigue, his purse does not game, must be so here,” replied B——: “ it is to be regretted he suffers an affectation of satirical humour, say, at times, the reality of it, to marr a fine mind, and render him less desirable to society; we are too indolent here to seek for hidden virtues. A variety of reports

are in circulation concerning the birth of Captain Montolieu's misanthropy; some impute it to the fatal termination of a point of honour, younger people to love. In the theatre you will have an opportunity of judging whether he there lays aside the mask, or assumes one."

"You seemed to attend but little to the news to-day," said Du Marr to his friend, as they quitted the library, and paused an instant before they pursued their different routes; "surely, the greater part of what those young men who accosted you, were eager to impart, was important."

"My dear Du Marr," said Montolieu, laying his hand gently on his shoulder, "shall I treat a serious evil gravely, or jestingly?"

"Would not the last be more in character?" replied the Swiss.

"Know then, most unenlightened

stranger, that, taking into their profound consideration the dangerous effects of climate, the Creolean softness of our fair, and the yawning listlessness of their lovers, some young heroes, sacrificing "the bubble reputation," for the general good, devote themselves to *Fabula*."

"Still I am the 'unenlightened stranger,'" said Du Marr.

"In a few turns of the parade," replied his friend, taking his arm, "I can explain:---suppose,

—— "Doris

"Sat meditating on her beauty,

"And now was pensive,

"And loll'd the sultry hours away;"

"The news of the arrival of the Hymeneal frigate, commanded by Lord Boreas Tempest,

"To her own stature lifts the feeble maid,"

“and the evening assembly is a grace prouder. Many a marriage is expedited less by the inclination of the parties, than the *tongue grenades* thrown in.---The rich merchant has made an offer;--the lady prefers riches to love;--pique takes the duty of Cupid, and old Colonel Totter storms the place. But it is among politicians these beardless priests of Fabula find most success; an ambassador gone through the Straits in the last orange boat, for the Sublime Porte;---the death of Bonaparte;---nay, during the height of a sirocco, his arrival in the fortress.---Sometimes, they fly to the library, where Paris sits sighing over the pages of the sentimental Charlotte: a beauty arrived; young, lovely, rich;---you cannot mount the guard at the Mole for gazers.”

“But surely,” argued Du Marr, “this cannot be repeated more than twice, in the worst complaints of the head?”

“ Pardon me,” replied Montolieu;
“ it is, as in wine, the head finds its in-
firmity in the morning, but not a cork
the less is drawn in the evening.”

CHAPTER III.

“ Had she been true,
“ If heaven would have made me such another
world,
“ Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
“ I'd not have sold her for it.”

Du Marr, at the time Madame Du Rose called forth most powerfully his respect and esteem, could not, perhaps, forget, in happier days, the fair Swiss, with her aged parent, had visited the chateau of his father; and the son exchanged with her the love tokens of a simple people; had sent the osier basket, and received the wreath.

Yet the recollection led to no embarrassment; Madame Du Rose made

it a point, in the absence of her husband, to place herself under his protection : a libertine would have understood the delicacy of the compliment ; and the high-minded and honourable Swiss received this proof of her confidence with a conviction, his sword was unsheathed equally against himself as another, were he capable of injuring it.

The society of the garrison soon gathered round the fair stranger ; and though the simple elegance of her suppers, where fruit and sweetmeats were alone admitted, presented a contrast to the ostentatious parties of many she invited, they were the centre of attraction. The major usually formed a loto table, whilst his beautiful wife received offerings of extempore verse, new music, or the recital of some interesting story, blending united feeling and wit ;---
“ rare associates.”

Du Marr did not fail introducing his friend to these parties; and though Montolieu affected great indifference towards the arbitrators of male destiny, he was compelled to own the attractions of the fair Swiss; and so far relaxed from his usual ungallant modes, as to accompany her to several parties formed for her amusement by the wife of General Layde, a lady known to the family of Montolieu, and whom he regarded with an esteem that banished the mists of his character when he approached her.

Mrs. Layde had been unjustly accused of pride, and an observance of rank, even to the banishment of subaltern virtue. The fact was, that considered as the wife, the sister, the friend, she had been through life an example; as the elegant hostess, the superior female presiding at the garrison parties,

the “glass of fashion,” Mrs. Layde left no want in the expectation of her guests. Manners easy, kind, and polished; a person pleasing though in its meridian; and unblemished virtue, extending even to appearances, called forth united esteem and respect. To foreigners she was certainly partial; and Madame Du Rose soon became her cherished friend. Far from her country, the fair *emigre* experienced in her kindness, and that of General Layde, a man universally beloved, a recompence for many slights from

“Meaner minds.”

The Count de Valmont, on receiving an invitation to Mrs. Layde’s first party after his arrival, had excused himself, by sending in lieu his most accomplished officers; amongst them Du Marr. The

general's aid-du-camp, on introducing them, whispered the daughters of a rich contractor, in passing, these *rials* were the change of a *doubloon*.

One evening, after a public dinner, the friends strolled towards the abode of Madame du Rose, who was expected to hold her *converzationi*. A bright moon, unclouded by the obscurities of the west, trembled on the waters, and tinged the rock with light; the gardens sent forth their aromatic sighs of orange flowers and jassmine; no sound disturbed the silence, save the answering call of the centinel, or the distant beat of the castanet, from terraces where the foreign groupes assembled to their national dance. Entering the apartment appropriated to the reception of visitants, the friends found it deserted. A note from the major lay on the table, informing them the field-officers had been hastily

summoned to the governor's to receive the Marquis Mondecar and his daughter, who had arrived from Spain, with the intention of remaining some days in a fortress, the government of which was an hereditary though nominal title in their family. The major concluded his billet by requesting the friends would pass the evening at his house.

The genius of elegance and beauty had accompanied the fair Du Rose; but around were scattered her various and polished arrows. Du Marr paced the apartment in quest of every object on which her eye or hand had rested.--Touching lightly the embroidery over which he had seen her lean in the flexible and picturesque attitudes of a grace, he bent to examine it. A well known Swiss scene was skilfully traced; round twined a wreath of flowers. Du

Marr turned away; the simple gift of nature was faded, however bright the colours of art.

At the extremity of the apartment stood Josephine's harp; her shawl, of "roseate tint," thrown gracefully over, had lured a dove from an adjoining cage. The bird, with wing half expanded, slumbered in the down: the attitude of its repose, the drapery, partially drawn over the instrument in classic folds, the silvery plumage of the favourite, and the elegance of its perch, invited the pencil. Du Marr executed his sketch "*con amore*." As he deposited his offering in a portfolio that lay on the table, he observed the attention of his friend had been engaged with the drawings it contained.

"These are French," observed Montolieu.

“ Yes,” answered Du Marr ; “ they are traces of a troubled path. I recognise the Count de Valmont’s style. His story is intimately connected with mine : my aim is to invite confidence ;---will you accept the mingled recital, as the amusement of the evening ?

“ There is something so peculiarly gratifying,” continued he, as he met his friend’s assenting glance, “ in recurring to days, when the beam of beauty, or the call of arms, first awoke the dormant spark of love or valour, that I cannot resist commencing my recital at an earlier period of life, than the interest excited may perhaps justify. My father, after spending his best days in the imperial service, retired to his native Switzerland, and fixed his abode on the banks of the Arlach, bordered by a country singularly picturesque. Amid all the changing events of my life, the

obliterating traces of sorrow or time, memory could at will bring vivid touches of the scene.

“ The craggy mountains of Friburg, and the magnificent glaciers of Berne, formed the amphitheatre ; down their steep ascents the daring hand of nature threw the chesnut, the beech, and the pine ; foaming torrents thundering to the lake, the hermit’s solitary cell, or the herdsman’s hut, burst at intervals from the woody foliage, in beautiful effect. Nearer the lake, a softer species of wood, in slenderer form and lighter leaf, led the eye, by verdant meadows and pastoral groupings, to the emerald waters, from whose rocky bed rose fantastic rocks, an imaginary watch tower, or pyramidal column.

“ My father inhabited an old chateau belonging to the Count de Valmont, with whom he had served, and contracted an

inviolable friendship. The apartments had suffered from age and neglect ; but our family consisted of few persons, easily accommodated. An extensive library owed its preservation to the amusement it had afforded the late count during a year of indisposition he had spent in Switzerland. The family, from female alliances, possessing estates in France, it was considered useless to exhaust their resources in the repairs of a property seldom visited. The present count, when he presented his friend with an asylum, dear to the veteran from its vicinity to abodes whose possessors had flown on the wings of time and death, directed a few apartments, adjoining the library, should be prepared for his reception : these were furnished with massy gilded furniture, in character with the building.

“ From the chateau a terrace extend-

ed to the lake, whose verdant bosom gave root to rows of linden, poplar, and birch; a fallen tower lay in picturesque beauty, half hid by moss and spreading foliage; in the back ground, a cascade burst from the dark woods, dashing through the scattered masses, towards the rustic alleys and wild parterres of the deserted gardens; where softening with the altered scene, it branched out in silvery currents, bathing the rose and saffron flower.

“ My father lost the partner of his joys and sorrows at my birth: the child of his age, I was consequently that of indulgence. Had he formed me according to his own ideas of perfection, my education would have been entirely military; but the count, in his annual visits, urged the admission of literature and the arts; and obtained me permission to wander amid the sublime scenes

by which I was surrounded, accompanied by the poet or the historian. Happy age! unalloyed by care, devoid of wish, save that of emulating the hero, the worthy, or the sage. I delight to recall to recollection, when stretched on some verdant platform, from which the magic dews called forth aromatic sweets, in half ascent of some Alpine steep, I lulled my wrapt senses in the contemplation of a Homer or a Virgil; forgetting in the morning I had been the infant Tell of a village; and that my venerable father, anticipating future fame, twined my arrow with laurel.

“ At fourteen I became an enrolled citizen; and shortly after obtained admission to the Ernest regiment of Berne, commanded by Du Valmont. My young fancy, aided by history, had long burst the Alpine barrier that surrounded

me; but too loosely reined, the new fledged passions fluttered with ideas of nobler wing:---together unveiling the distant rocks of Mellicre, and the sacred chapel where the tyrant of my country fell. Thus by turns my steps traversed every spot immortalized by Tell; or, seeking the light boat, glided through the lakes, to wander amid dewy plants or shadowy foliage, where once ruminated the Rousseau, however mistaken in feeling, however gloomy in misanthropy, but too dear to youth, too sacred to sensibility!

“These dreams are dispersed; called as I have been, to act, in my own person, the scenes his ardent pencil drew, I can detect the fallacy of his reasoning, the dangerous tendency of his maxims. How different was it in youth! The light mists concealing the fatal precipice, the overwhelming avalanche of

my native hills floated not more beautifully, veiled not more effectually, all that ought to rouse caution, than the tender eloquence, the sophistry of the passions, did the immorality of the author. The understanding, however humble, like the day, has its meridian ; before which the mists of reason and of nature alike disperse.

“ A residence of two years in the different French towns, in which my regiment were quartered, did not weaken my attachment to Switzerland, or close the leaf of volumes in which I had delighted amid its shades. At this period I became indebted to the count for the attentions of a parent: exposed, in the ardency of feeling and uncontrouled youth, to the temptations of a gay people, his roof was my sanctuary, his life my example. United to a beautiful woman, and father to a lovely girl, in

the observance of every duty he was ardent as love, steady as judgment. Few houses could boast more gaiety ; but it was such as charmed youth, without offending age.

“ The count condescended to direct my studies ; his lovely wife, then in the brilliancy of life and character, taught me to respect her sex : and directed by the affection of her parents, the infant Clarice hovered round me with a younger sister’s love.

“ At A—— I learnt the liberal accomplishments. My regiment were quartered in its environs, and mixed with its society, where now the seeds of the revolution were thickly strewn. Folly and vice began boldly to utter opinions, from which those who thought, in the silence of fear, anticipated sanguinary fruit.

“ Amid this storm of society, the

count found it difficult to choose associates. Unfortunately, at the time he yielded many friendships to duty, he gave his confidence so fatally to one man, as evinced his discernment equalled not his other great qualities. Fayau, accomplished, of family and considerable fortune, though no longer young, and by no means possessing personal attraction, had a prepossessing elegance of manner that rendered him agreeable to females, and an extensive information, occasioning his society to be sought for by the men. With the count, from whom with consummate hypocrisy he veiled an immoral character, he was a favourite; and admitted at all times to his roof, he soon became intimately acquainted with those secret springs of mind, that once known, render virtue the easy prey of vice.

“Valmont, generous, noble, and enthu-

siastic, needed but a hesitating doubt of the honour of an action, to diverge from his purpose into eccentricities scorning thought. His beautiful wife, admired and beloved, invulnerable as she appeared to flattery, had yet an avenue of approach. Fayau marked the inquietude the count displayed, as his Louise, forgetting how much a degrading passion had preponderated in the scale, applauded the deference paid female talent in France, and the part it had ever been allowed to take in the politics of that country. The females of A——, banishing the tenderer loves and milder graces, harangued on the reform of kingdoms ; yet Madame Valmont, hitherto allowed the most accomplished of the circle, was condemned to silence on the forbidden topic ; and Fayau saw her wounded pride revolt from the contemptuous sneer, and the

“ *Elle est Suisse*” of the French women.

“ The treacherous republican, affecting to form his opinion from hers, drew her incautious steps nearer the gulph of atheism and vice, whispering to the vanity of Louise, her virtue might remain unshaken, her talents unalloyed, by errors into which disputations on religion and government involved the weaker of the sex. Lessons of platonism are usually acceptable to the superior class of women ; in this language alone the libertine can address virtue. Fayau, by consulting Madame Valmont in affairs of moment, engaged her attention ; by laying his admiration of her person on the shrine of her virtue, her esteem.

“ We are said, should our habits afford nurture, to be each born with the seeds of the disease that will occasion death :---how awfully does the mind pre-

sent the same idea! It is dangerous to pursue it, lest we allow virtue no merit; and believe all excellence or vice to be the result of situation."

"My comment on love and politicks shall not be so grave," said Montolieu, smiling. "I have heard the French women of your day were remarkable for imagining their parrots birds of wisdom. The frail mistress of a member of the convention, whose extreme beauty and lack of wit converted her *bonnet rouge* into a cap and bells, used to mingle the language of reform with the errors of passion, in the quantum the Spanish women do devotion. 'Ah!' cried she, breaking from her lover's arms, and assuming an air of extreme distress, 'the state totters;---what can we do for its support, Monsieur?---I offer you the union of my talents with your philosophy.'

“ ‘ My dear Annette,’ returned B——, ‘ when you can preserve your own equilibrium, you will assuredly be called on to prop a falling state.’ ”

“ The adulation of Fayau,” continued Du Marr, “ became necessary to Madame Valmont. It was at this crisis the count, by the suggestions of her seducer, resolved on visiting Switzerland, and leaving his family to his protection.

“ Public measures began to wear an alarming aspect, and it was rumoured the councils of the cantons meditated the recall of their troops in the service of France. My father, now in extreme age, yearned to embrace me; and it was resolved I should accompany the count to Switzerland.

“ Young as I was, I had not been an unattentive observer of Fayau’s manner. On Madame Valmont’s virtue I

confess I had reliance : the chaste and noble dignity of a Roman matron beamed on her person, as the count gave, with a steady hand, herself and child to the protection of Fayau ; who, on his part, seemed more engrossed by the object of the count's journey, than lavish of professions as to his charge.

“ Valmont lingered in the embraces of his family, whilst I proceeded to the court, where my old servant held my horse. The expression of his face struck me : his aged head bent over the charger, and his eye seemed to avoid mine, yet to be fraught with sorrowful meaning. His age, and an education not shamed by his conduct, rendered him more my friend than servant.--- ‘ Claude,’ said I, taking his hand in mine, ‘ do not regret, infirm as you are, not accompanying me : I rejoice,’ added

I, hesitating at the suspicion I betrayed, 'I rejoice you remain with Madame Valmont.'

"Turning quickly towards me, he exclaimed, 'Ah! my dear master, the count is deceived: as Heaven is just, Monsieur Fayau is a villain!'

"The appearance of the count prevented reply; we rode on, and his animation served to brighten the colour of my thoughts.

"The pleasurable emotions with which a Swiss revisits his country are proverbial. At sixteen the heart is alive to the chords of energetic feeling. How did the majestic hills of my country seem to beckon, long before I left the French confines, to peaceful vallies and uncontaminated shades!--The boundary once passed, how did object after object rise to recollection--friend after friend appear!

“ We arrived near Arlach at the beautiful close of a summer’s day. The distant glaciers yet retained the roseate fires of the departing sun ; darker tints approached the lake, on whose tranquil bosom a few fading rays yet gleamed : above, mid the sere foliage of the surrounding Alps, the chapel lit its holy tapers, or the torrent dashed its waters in silvery mists. Leaving heights through whose echoes the plaintive *Kuhreigen* resounded, answered by the bells of descending cattle, we traced the Arlach, and arrived on the terrace of the chateau.

“ The count, as he pointed out a group of village dancers winding through the avenues, reminded me of the day : it was my natal one ; and my venerable father, leaning on his staff, though his eye, misted by age, viewed not the dancers, though his ear refused the tones

of their viol, encouraged their festivity. My appearance added to the hilarity that prevailed ; and the count, after the first emotions of meeting had subsided, as the venerable pastor of an adjoining village, then on a visit to my father, presented me his daughter, motioned me to join the dance. Josephine Carlotz here became first known to me, and was perhaps the youngest beauty that ever received the devotion of a heart. As Madame Du Rose, she is greatly altered, both in person and manner ; and so changed with regard to Du Marr that he need not hesitate at naming her.

“ The simple dress of the Swiss peasant was favourable to her style of beauty :---a large hat placed on one side of luxuriant flaxen tresses, a tight boddice of blue silk, from whose short chemise sleeves of lawn, her beautiful arms disclosed their uncovered snows ;

a short petticoat, and a large bouquet of Alpine rose and saffron flowers, composed the neat habiliments and rural ornaments of the graceful child. I gazed on her sylph-like form, the delicate transparency of her complexion, which no blush, save that of timidity, had yet heightened; with admiration contrasting their simple elegance with the meretricious air, the rouged cheek, and gaudy costume of France.

“ The object of first love is always presented by virtue: the heart need not reject it, the memory refuse it place.--- O, that prudence and fortune were forbid to interpose between the union of youth and marriage!---‘ I return to nature’s purest scenes,’ ejaculated I mentally, as I clasped her fairest child.

“ Long continued the waltz, after a bright moon, rising over the woods, called forth from shadow pale phantoms of

noon day scenes. A simple supper was spread in a lower apartment of the chateau, opening to the terrace. My father, Carlotz, and the count soon engrossed by the discourse Valmont's journey gave rise to, left Josephine to my attentions.

“The heart that has mingled with the world loses the power of describing such objects. I can only compare my feelings, at the developement of her pure and ingenuous thoughts, in every conversation I held with this charming child of nature, to those I experienced on first viewing the power of a microscope on a simple flower:---the wild blossom sparkled with beauty hid to common eyes; the hand of a deity had given it perfection beyond the imitation of art; and conviction struck the mind, that the visual mist need only be removed to render all around a paradise.

“In the contemplation of Josephine's

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character, soon my companion in my walks, my studies, the library, or the rustic cabin, I was on the brink of a dangerous error, that of admitting the senses and the heart might have different objects of passion. Necessary as it was for my happiness, I hesitated to unlock the secrets treasured in the innocent bosom of my Alpine beauty. Romantic as it may appear, I dreaded the hour when its zone of peace should be unbound ; and love, parent of cares, doubt, and fears, such as agitated my breast, should disturb the tranquillity of hers. Gladly would I have guarded her from the passion, though I had banished myself with it.

“ How beats your pulse, now,” interrogated Montolieu, “ your angel has become woman?”

“ The question is easily answered,” replied Du Marr: “ the vainest hope

must die beneath the modest beam of her eye. Were it otherwise, I should not recognise Josephine.

“ A rapid month flew over our heads amid my native scenes. Never had they appeared so beautiful. Valmont was soon convinced of the error he had committed in leaving his corps: alarming news arrived from France; the blaze of watch-towers summoned the councils of the respective cantons; and the post of my colonel and myself undoubtedly became the head of our regiment.

“ All my prudent resolves, the concealment of my passion, the intended probation of years, vanished at the expectation of a parting. I sought the eyes of Josephine, as I announced the day of my departure; their sweet expression convinced me she awoke at the intelligence to her first love; and I

turned away from their beam, half sorrowful, half transported at the certainty of being beloved.

“ In the evening I led her to the marriage of two happy rustics, whose companions bore in triumph the osier basket and flowery wreath---simple gifts, by which their hearts had been exchanged. Josephine, as she pressed the hand of the bride, asked a thousand questions arising from her new emotion. ‘ Had she long loved?---truly loved?--- Oh!’ ejaculated she, as the villager answered, ‘ may you then be happy!’ tears sprang to her eyes as she softly added, “ and all who truly love!”

“ ‘ Shall we not then be happy, Josephine?’ said I, as I led her to a glade where the dance had begun. Her hand trembled an instant in mine:---she withdrew it and fled.

“ Respecting the modesty of her in-

fant passion, I followed slowly, and was met by the count; who, with alarm in his looks, delivered me a letter. I took it in silence; and with confusion recognised, in the hand of Claude, these words:—

“ ‘ Return, my lord :---public and private danger threatens you :---Fayau deceives both his country and his friend.—The writer hazards his life in sending this;---can you disregard it?’

“ Valmont at the moment a suspicion of his wife glanced across his mind, seemed to consider it injurious to her former honour not to meditate on the misfortune in solitude. In hasty and broken words desiring me to return to the chateau, he plunged into the recesses of the woods.

“ After giving the servants directions to prepare for our departure, I sought

my father in the library. The heat of the day, and the lassitude of extreme age, had thrown him into a slumber. The fair Josephine supported his head on her arm. How charming was the contrast of his silver age, marked with furrows of time and scars of battle, to her delicate, pure, and fragile beauty!-- So twines the fair and tender jassmine round a scathed and venerable oak. Her attitude was such as did not allow her to withdraw, without fear of disturbing the object of her care. I sought the tender expression of her eyes; she hid them in the blanched locks of my sleeping father, nor raised them till the wild and incoherent exclamations of his slumbers roused at once her attention and terror. Over his mind, filled with fears for France and the fame of his countrymen, an awful vision of the future seemed to pass.

“ ‘ Guard the king!’ exclaimed the veteran; ‘ shed your blood in his defence!’

“ Josephine, starting from his pillow, clasped her fair hands, and gazed on the sleeper with wild expression. ‘ Where is my son?’ exclaimed he; ‘ is he not foremost?---Spare him not!---Where are the Swiss?’ reiterated he, after a pause: ‘ lost!---gone!---let their bodies form the barrier to the throne!---Oh nature!---My son! fell he at the monarch’s feet!---I am satisfied---I am satisfied!’

“ My extended arms caught my sweet flower, as overcome with horror, she faded and fell. I carried her into the air, and soothed her with the tenderest expression of the heart. The evening was sacred to love’s purest triumph; and our vows were ratified by

the simple seals of unsophisticated manners.

“ On the morrow my father, supported by Carlotz, addressed me in language warmed by the last spark of his military and ardent spirit. ‘ Charles,’ said he, ‘ should your regiment march to join their countrymen, remember I ask of De Valmont, your fame, not your life. Guard the unfortunate Louis! keep sacred from the touch of treason, his royalty, misfortune, and virtue.’

“ Respected and venerable Du Marr! thy flame of loyalty, thy enthusiastic valour burned bright to the close of life: in the week following my revered father died the death of the just.

“ As the count engrossed the adieus of Carlotz and his friend, I breathed the last expressions of attachment to Josephine.---‘ Look round, my gentle love,’ I softly exclaimed, as I pressed

my lips to her fair forehead ; ‘ enjoy these tranquil scenes---indulge in happy dreams ;---Charles will live, and live for you.’

CHAPTER IV.

“ O you, whom vanity’s light bark conveys,
“ On fame’s mad voyage, by the wind of praise,
“ With what a shifting gale your course you ply;
“ For ever sunk too low, or borne too high.”

“ IN whatever flattering shapes,” continued the Swiss, “ love presented the future, the count’s discourse on the journey might have dispelled them. My father’s small pension, from which he had been unable to lay by any sum for my support, died with him. The sword was my only possession, and my commission, in the present dangerous crisis of France, uncertain. What a provision for one, who longed for empire, to sacrifice at the feet of love! Youth is not an easy prey to despondency:---turning

back my moistened eyes to the fast retreating hills of Switzerland, where bloomed my sweet and simple beauty, the humblest scenery on their woody steeps seemed a palace, where love might reign from youth to age.

“ It is not a slight struggle that separates two youthful and impassioned lovers; yet I blushed at my weakness, when, on our arrival at A—— the noble Valmont received the death blow of his happiness. I had left the treasure of my heart amid scenes of tranquil happiness; her innocence secured her the protection of Heaven.---Where was Louise? following the fortunes of a villain, who, unmasking with the times, avowed himself the enemy of God and his country!---Where the sweet Clarice? exposed to the example of a mother's guilt, involved in a mother's destruction!---Claude was missing; and no

doubt remained of his having fallen a victim to his attachment.

“ Our corps were quartered in a small fort near A——, in circumstances of much danger. Their friendships in society dissolved; uncertain how they might be called on to use those arms their indignant bosoms now felt had a price; alarmed for the fate of their countrymen near the throne; and in expectation of extermination from a mob,---apprehensive of every thing; and turning at the most vague alarm of German, English, or Swiss troops advancing, to wild and murderous excess:---thus were the Ernest regiment situated; and, Valmont, in the contemplation of the probable fate of his corps, seemed to be indifferent to the wounds of his heart.

“ Two French regiments, with whom we had ever been united, both in duty

and friendship, avoided us with averted looks; yet it was to these our little band owed ultimately their lives.

“ On the third week of awful suspense, our colonel was called on to attend one of the many minions of power that had reigned successively since the introduction of republicans in A——,

“ At his return we were ordered to attend on the parade;---the corps, forming their martial lines, gazed in respectful silence on de Valmont, who, pale and trembling, seemed overcome with emotion. Near him stood the aged chaplain of the regiment, Maritz. The count, advancing to the centre, in a solemn and broken voice, addressed us: --

“ ‘ My friends,’ exclaimed he, pointing to his arm, round which a mourning crape was twined; “ the Swiss have done their duty; a regiment of martyrs lie at the feet of their king! how awful

the boast of their deeds! Let us, my fellow-soldiers, as we thank Heaven for their deathless fame, implore mercy for the souls of our unburied brothers.'

"Prostrate on the ground, the arms of France cast indignantly from us, we mourned for those, who, whilst honour lives, cannot fade from the memory of nations.

"An awful night succeeded. The Marseillois on their march to Paris, detached a band of blood-hounds thirsting for the remnant of the Swiss. Their fiend-like cries, their demands of vengeance, mingled with the discharge of fire-arms and the death-sounding tocsin.

"The count, assured our destruction was inevitable, assumed a noble firmness, in meeting death, worthy of his virtues. As the morning dawned, the regiment received the sacrament from the venerable Maritz; and those who

had cherished animosity, embraced in forgiveness; and twining the arms heretofore raised against each other, agreed to meet their death together.

“The count, on learning the fate of the Swiss Guards, had been likewise apprised, that the National Assembly, learning the intentions of the Tagsatzung to invade France with sixty thousand men, suffered the regiment of Berne to march to Switzerland without arms.

“Valmont, indifferent to existence, yet wishing to restore his little band to homes where affection panted to receive them with all the tender ties of affinity, lost all hope of such restoration, as the monsters of destruction with shouts approached the fort.

“‘Let us meet our fate!’ exclaimed Valmont: ‘sully not the sacred memory of those who have fallen in glory.’

“ The folding gates were opened at his command, and with step erect and firm, his arms crossed on his breast, from whence he had torn a Gallic order, his head uncovered from the badge of servitude, he marched out, as in battle, the first to meet the danger. As he advanced, he started back in amazement. How affecting was the sight presented! The Marseillois appeared in the background, on either side menacing destruction; but a barrier was formed, a mob, armed only by missile weapons, could not pierce. Our former associates, our military friends, with heads averted, formed, with their fire-arms and swords, an avenue of safety to our little band. With what sensations did we tread this path enshrined by friendship! at every step the eye of an intimate was seen to turn from the glance of gratitude; no sound replied to our expression of regard,

but every arm was raised with the resolution to die in our defence. File after file moving on as we passed, escorted us, without injury, to a small village six miles from A——, round which they encamped.

“The cry of ‘plunder in the fort,’ had diverted the pursuit of the mob, in a manner wonderful to those who have not witnessed how the advancing or receding waves of riot can be governed by a breath.

“No communication passed between our preservers and us till the morrow; when learning the Marseillois had proceeded on, ruin marking their blood-stained way, the colonel, between whom and the count an intimacy had formerly subsisted, entered the apartment of the auberge, in which Valmont had vainly sought repose. I stood near, contemplating with dejected looks, the change

a few hours of misfortune had made in my protector; nor did my young love interpose a selfish idea to blunt my mind to his sorrow.

“‘Valliant,’ said the count, stretching out his hand to the Frenchman as he approached him, ‘I thank you for the lives of my soldiers.’

Valliant pressed his hand with emotion: ‘Do not let us, Valmont,’ replied he, ‘in the last moments of intercourse, endeavour to combat each other’s opinions; it is sufficient you are safe, for in the provinces through which your route extends, I believe, to unarmed men, no danger exists. My corps have given their last offering of friendship: it is true they had orders to permit your departure; in what they have exceeded they glory, and only request that when you think of them, you will not confound their principles with those from

whose fury they have saved you.---
Adieu!

“ ‘ Stay, Valliant,’ cried the count;
‘ I would ask you one question, on
which all my happiness is staked:---
where is my wife? Can it be possible,
that related to Fayau, you can yet be
ignorant of her retreat?---How often have
you caressed my child!---can you refuse
her father the consolation of knowing
she lives?’

“ Valliant seemed deeply affected.
‘ My friend,’ said he, soothingly; ‘ en-
deavour to forget the existence of Ma-
dame Valmont;---Fayau is at Paris, and
your divorced wife——’

“ ‘ My divorced wife!’ exclaimed Val-
mont; ‘ but, proceed——’

“ ‘ Is at his estate, near Nions.---Be-
ware how you attempt an interview;
and remember, you will by so doing,

hazard, in a fruitless attempt, your friends.'

" 'Have you seen her, Valliant,' interrupted the count, 'since——' his lip quivered as he added, 'since her dishonour?'

" 'I have,' answered he; 'she does not regret her change;—imitate her.'

" 'You take the life you have given!' cried the count; 'but what of Clarice?'

" 'The evening before her mother left A——,' replied Valliant, 'Claude disappeared with the child, and has since eluded search.'

" 'Faithful creature!' exclaimed the count, raising his eyes in gratitude to heaven; 'whether my innocent perishes by hunger or storm, sinks beneath the tempest or the sword, how preferable her fate to her mother's!'

" 'Our little corps reached unmolest-

ed the town of Nions, on the third day. The men, exhausted, required rest; and Valmont receiving no insult from the inhabitants, consented to their halting. I perceived much agitation in his manner, and was convinced he intended attempting an interview with his wife. Determined on accompanying him, I used every effort in my power to induce him to permit it, and succeeded. Dressed in the disguise of peasants, with baskets, returning from the town, we communicated our plan to the officer next in command, and left Nions by moon-light. It was the latter end of August, and nature smiled in beautiful composure. About a mile from the town we reached the extremity of the enclosures, and leaping over, with concealed pistols, advanced up an avenue leading to one of the wings of the chateau. The tender varieties of lunar

light silvered our path, and the breath of nature wafted perfume.

“ ‘ Can the season smile!’ sighed the count; ‘ can the abodes of vice be thus lovely!--but, why the question?---from the heart she has broken, the bosom she has deceived, Louise is not banished!’

“ ‘ Charles!’ exclaimed he, ‘ you know not what it is to *love*, you know not how difficult it is to *hate*!’

“ Our cautious steps soon reached a wing of the building opening to the garden by glass doors, thrown open to the night-breeze and scented parterre. Suddenly we discerned Madame Valmont reclining on a sofa, in earnest contemplation of papers lying scattered around.

“ The tapers, rendering the foliage in which we sheltered more obscure, shed their brilliant light round the fallen beauty. Modesty no longer threw its veil on her charms; the empire of virtue and Val-

mont was past;---another had succeeded; and reduced by the consequences of her crime to the arts and attire of a harlot, the victim of vanity awaited, metrichiously adorned, the promised return of her seducer. A moment Valmont recoiled in anguish from the destroyer of his peace. I would have retired; but he commanded me to follow, in a voice whose agitated tones awoke the attention of his wife:---faintly articulating his name, she attempted to ring for assistance.

“ ‘ Louise,’ cried the count, sternly grasping her arm, ‘ recall recollection!--it is no midnight assassin who invades your retirement;---no villain, whose hands, reeking with murder, presses yours;---but *one*, Louise,’ his lip quivered as he spoke, ‘ *one* who has often guarded you from others---who would have

guarded you from *yourself*, had you sought the counsels of his heart!

“ Madame Valmont turned her head away;---pride struggled a moment with memory.

“ ‘ I come,’ resumed the count, ‘ to offer you the means of retrieving the past;---to invite you to be the companion of my return!---Yet, understand me,’ added he, as he caught her glance; *My* Louise, adorned, as I once knew her;---virtuous, as I once adored her, is *no more!*---you are but as her *grave!*---yet, thickly strewn as it is with weeds, obscured as is every vestige of mental beauty from him who loved it, he would yet raise a sanctuary around the hollow image that rises from the ashes, to save it from further ruin!

“ ‘ How bitter are your words, *citoyen!*’ cried Madame Valmont, her incensed

eyes darting fire; ‘ nay, start not at the name:---Behold,’ said she, pointing to the table, ‘ the deed that gives me your possessions;---insult me not with aid;---know you not your *life* is in my power ’

“ ‘ Take it, Louise!’ exclaimed the unhappy husband; ‘ you have bereft me of happiness; of what avail is an existence of torture!’

“ I received the agonized Valmont in my arms; struggling at length to acquire resolution, he solemnly demanded his child.

“ The answer of the hardened mother confirmed Valliant’s intelligence; she had disappeared with Claude; and her unnatural parent seemed more actuated by revenge than melted to compassion, as she lamented the fruitless search made for the fugitive.

“ Night wore apace in fruitless endeavours to prevail on the infatuated

Louise to regain the path from which she had wandered:---pale, and nearly overcome with emotion, the count, with averted eyes, bade her farewell!

“ As we paced the shrubbery towards the spot by which we had entered, I was alarmed by a light tread in pursuit of our steps. The solitude in which Madame Valmont appeared, and the uninterrupted hours we had discoursed with her, had appeared strange; I did not, at the instant reflect on the revolutionary habits of the domestics, to whom attendance or respect seemed infringements of dawning liberty. Alarmed, I turned, and awaited the approach of our supposed enemy;---it was Vendee, a dog once favoured by Valmont, who had left his mistress to follow the fortunes of her husband.

“ The count was deeply affected at the preference.---‘ Behold, Charles,’ said

he, ‘ the slight caress, the kind eye has excited a gratitude in this animal, the attachment of a life has failed to inspire in his mistress.---Come, then, faithful Vendee, be the follower of my fortunes ; however regardless I may be of my own life, yours shall be guarded and cherished.’

“ Our little band, avoiding large towns, skirted the frontiers in safety, only venturing into villages where the horrors of Paris came like distant thunder, and the revolutionary bolts fell harmless. This circuitous route occasioned our being nearly three months before we reached the confines of Switzerland. In the ecstasy of his soldiers, the count seemed to forget awhile his own cares. Those harbingers of joy, the icy glaciers of their native country, arose, and acted as magnets to each weary step and troubled heart. The *Randale Vache* quick-

ened the fainting Switzers; and one burst of rapture broke from their ranks, as the lake of Geneva rose in all the enchantment of prospect. We rested in the beams of an evening sun, and contemplated with delight our haven of safety.

“The count’s dog, who had left us to explore a small copse near, uneasy and restless, soon drew our attention; running some paces into the wood, he quickly returned, and seemed to invite us to follow him, shewing disappointment if our steps retired from the path he pointed out, and the most extravagant joy when they advanced. Curiosity soon procured him followers; and, on seeing him advance to a deep hole or cave, whose entrance was obscured by underwood, I proposed firing into it; but the count restrained me, and himself assisted in removing the tangled foliage.

The body of the faithful Claude lay near the entrance; worn out by extreme age and undoubted hardship, he seemed to have cast his eyes on his idolized country, and closed them for ever!

“ ‘ There must be another body, Charles!’ cried the wretched father; ‘ I fly from the sight!’

“ As the count, in the agony of despair, left the spot, I boldly advanced into the cavern; hoping, though the oak had been torn, the tendril had bent to the storm.---Nor were my hopes vain;---seeking my inestimable friend, I placed the breathing shadow of his child in his arms, and left him to the triumph of nature.

“ From this hour, Valmont smiled; he led his men to the heart of their native country; and accepted from the Cantons the command of a corps in the Dutch service, stationed at Ceylon.

“ Had not Josephine existed, how gladly would I have sought this banishment? Alas! she lived, but no longer for me!

“ At Berne, I learned the death of my father, and the marriage of my mistress:---Carlotz had given her to age and riches. A friend imparted the intelligence, but I could not press his hand at parting.

“ My first impulse was to fly to Arlach, to demand of Josephine if her will had been respected;---if she still loved me?---My better genius led me to the count: I related my romance; he gave me his advice, and I entered into his corps.

“ Some years passed at Ceylon. Clarice, the darling of her accomplished father, learned from him the polish of education;---her person attained the perfection of beauty:---the misfortunes of her mother were hid from her.

“ When the English became possessed of Ceylon, our corps having entered into the service of Great Britain, proceeded to the East Indies, and entered the Mysore country. Here, our little band began to acquire independence:---many an affectionate son, tender husband, or anxious father, hoarded their little wealth, with feelings as distinct from avarice as honourable to the heart.

“ The count, who beheld with approval the love of his fair daughter to a young officer of his regiment, fondly hoped, on the home that should shelter their pure hearts and lovely persons, to shower the gifts of fortune. Menville was two years older than his affianced bride; their youth gave rich promise, and when we would express all that was good and lovely, we used their names.

“ In the memorable capture of Seringapatam, Valmont distinguished him-

self. Shortly after, the regiment was ordered to England. At Madras, they learned the afflicting intelligence, that the banker in whose hands their little saving of years had been imprudently deposited in consequence of the interest offered, had failed. What a blow to men who had dwelt with rapture on the rescue of relatives from poverty;---on claiming a wife, or cherishing a child!

“ On our unfortunate commander misfortune came with so sure an aim, it pierced his heart. On embarking his corps on board the Indiamen, lying in the outer roads, he had consigned his Clarice to the care of her affianced husband. The youthful pair in an evil hour rejected the Masulach boats, which alone stem in safety the surf of the the monsoons, and embarked in the state boat of the settlement. Far from shore, we beheld in dismay their strug-

gle with danger and death: the count, with uplifted hands, watched the boat, as, with its inestimable freight, sport of the ocean, it hurried to its fate, till hope was gone, and clasped in each other's arms, the innocent pair were seen to sink for ever.

“ Such grief as Valmont's admits not of description. In answer to our endeavours of consolation, he would cry, ‘ Let none approach but him who has lost a child, virtuous, good, and beautiful as mine.---Alas! this cannot be found!---Leave me!---leave me!---Oh God! pardon, if for hours, days, months, years, I blaspheme; and dare to ask, why thou hast suffered my loved, my lost one, to grow up good and fair, to take her thus!’

“ The emaciated form, the pallid look of the unfortunate father, when, on the termination of his voyage, he left the

solitude of his cabin, too plainly told the progress of grief.

“ Our regiment receiving orders to embark in transports and proceed to Gibraltar, the count visited London on military business, and thither I accompanied him.

“ A major having been lately appointed, who we understood intended accompanying us with his lady to the Mediterranean, I waited on him, and recognised in Madame Du Rose, my fair and faithless Josephine. The change years had made in her person, and education in her manner, in some degree checked my emotion; and taught by her example I became what I am, her friend.

“ Josephine’s delicate childish fragility of form had grown to full proportion, and polished fashionable ease succeeded simplicity: her gaiety of disposition would almost convince me the past

was a dream, did I not experience the most honourable friendship; so marked, as to ensure a gratitude careful of offence, so pure, as to gain me the esteem of her husband. She has undoubtedly great obligations to him; an expensive education, undeviating confidence, and the care of affection, claim the tenderness she bestows. Altered as Madame Du Rose is in many instances, all the estimable qualities of her heart remain. Softened to tenderness by the misfortunes of Valmont, she dedicates many hours to his comfort; and when assured of finding her alone, he ventures here to talk of Clarice. The good old Major draws with him. This subject is an affecting one--'tis the discovery of Claude and his charge."

Du Marr receiving no answer, looked at Montolieu, and perceived him affected. Stretching out his hand affection-

ately to him, the Swiss exclaimed, "you have a heart, and cannot risk one jest on my romance. Montolieu, the frivolity of your satire seems like briars thrown over a parterre: eluding observation, the flowers will yet spring."

"Why," replied Montolieu, affecting to laugh at his seriousness, "I do not say I could love and forget as you have done; but I honour the man who can. As to the count, I shall be miserable till I render him a service. What can I do!--his garden is in ruin; I will go directly and remove my flowers to his terrace."

"Not by moon-light!" said Du Marr, laughing; "and remember, that to-morrow, your facility in speaking Spanish, and your insensibility to beauty, may give you to the curiosity and jealousy of the strangers."

"I shall recommend a library inti-

mate," said Montolieu; " the Lord Boyet of embassies; one who understands the tongues, and can interpret from the '*craniez rien*' of a French courtesan's garter, to the rosary of an Algizarian devotee."

CHAPTER V.

“ So soft, so elegant, so fair,

“ Sure something more than human’s there!

.....

“ ————— What, do I love her!

“ That I desire to hear her speak again,

“ And feast upon her eyes?—What is’t I dream
on?”

THE arrival of the Marquis Mondecar and his fair daughter was by no means a matter of common interest in the fortress. Already had ‘rumour’s various tongues’ pronounced the lovely stranger fair, brown, *petite*, lively, and grave. The various invitations given in her honour promised an elucidation of the

mystery to such as listened astonished to the Proteus-like description.

Montolieu, summoned, as Du Marr expected, attended the following morning at the *dejune* of General Layde's lady, with whom the fair Spaniard remained during her stay, and was introduced by the general to his guests.

The marquis, though slightly tintured with hauteur, or rather the reserved manner bearing its resemblance, commanded, from his manner, respect. An affable condescension, raising to consequence, not degrading the person he addressed, mingled in his conversation, with the conscious dignity rank inspires. In person extremely plain, he resembled the higher orders of his country, who seem to have yielded every species of personal attraction to females, decidedly the most captivating in the world.

Montolieu having paid his compli-

ments, left the Marquis in conversation with the governor, and turned towards the sofa, where Mrs. Layde and her beautiful guest reclined.

In Estella de Mondecár Montolieu beheld the most lovely of women. A fine easy shape, elegantly displayed by the indescribable grace proverbial to Andalusian women, rendering every attitude and movement captivating. Her face, a fine oval, characterised by dignity and beauty, its white rose tint clear to paleness; long silken fringes softening the scintillations of large black eyes, full of melting expression, sparkling in clear and brilliant beauty through the half-drawn veil, magic ornament of Spanish attraction; a redezilla of black floss silk confined her tresses; the beauty of her hands were displayed by the sable velvet of her vest. Montolieu gazed on them with admiration. The

unsealed virgin wax could not present a purer model for the statuary. At the back of the sofa leaned Father Ximenes, the family confessor, and two young gentlemen in the Marquis's suite.

Mrs. Layde shortly after having assembled her party, ordered the carriages to ascend the hill as far as possible towards the Mediterranean Pass, the Levant Steps being the object of the morning's excursion.

Alighting near the Jewish burial ground, singular from its Arabic inscription, the party ascended, leaving the rugged rocks of Europa at their feet. Montolieu, hovering near the fair Estella, pointed out to her attention every fine object in the prospect. Atlas, in its majesty of mists; Ceuta, whose white towers were defended by her country; and as they slowly winded round the pass, the Mediterranean far

below, its Latin sails quivering in the sun-beam; and, cross the sandy isthmus, the scattered villages at the base of the Spanish mountains, terminated by the Sierra Novo.

Their path, 'high hung in air,' carpeted by wild thyme, sent forth fragrance at the tread: above, the rock, rising in irregular masses to its extreme height, presented in rugged vases its offerings of herbs, wild flowers, and plants, to the solitary Flora; from every fissure rich with mould rose the lilac, crocus, squill, and jonquil, the Spanish broom, hardy myrtle, wild garlic, and snow-drop, mingling with a thousand varieties of 'herb and flower,' pronounced African by botanists. Hence the fable, that the winds of Barbary kiss the Spanish rock, and waft the farina of vegetation here and there among the fragments of fallen spar. The less

frequent wild rose or woodbine invited the hand ; yet, were protected from the timid, by the harmless and gaudy lizard glittering among the leaves.

Leaving a path hitherto undeviating, the strangers and their conductors entered a deep arching of stone, hewn thro' a gigantic fragment of the parent rock. The sides, down which trickly streams gave coolness, were festooned in knots of large leaved ivy, and variegated with lichens. Emerging from this partial gloom, they beheld the rock rising above their path in one mass of broken fragments, unadorned by vegetation, bleached by time, and surmounted by the ruin of a tower : below, the eye pursued the tangled foliage to a depth where the anchored boat seemed a speck in vision. The path now winded to the summit, yet carpeted by verdure, and adorned with all the gifts of reviving

nature. The sterility of the rock near the tower was partial; and its blanched masses afforded a picturesque contrast to those to which the party ascended. As the ladies rested on the marble fragments, their attendants gathered the floral varieties of the way, the tri-coloured everlastings, or bee-archis. From a platform, in half ascent, the green gardens and matted huts of Cataline Bay can be descried. "It is here we are to have a party to-morrow," said Mrs. Layde, as they leaned over to survey the vivid foliage of its vines, amid the surrounding precipices of sand.

Ascending further, the party reached the rugged steps leading to the summit, and paused to observe the fine effect of the dark and large-leaved convolvulus, here spreading in luxuriance, covering the surrounding rocks, and twining their blue clusters round the dwarf palms.

A stone seat is here formed, over which nature has thrown festoons of this beautiful flower. The scene is here bounded on either side by projecting rocks; the ocean just glistens in the depth below, seen imperfectly through the gumarras that bend over the chasm. Solemn stillness reigns in this unfrequented spot, save when the eagle screams round her lofty nest, or the bounding ape, in its passage from rock to rock, dashes the severed fragments down the precipice.

“ High on a cliff to heav’n up-pil’d,
“ Of rude access, of prospect wild,
“ Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
“ Strange shades o’erbrow the chasms deep,
“ And holy genii guard the rock;
“ Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock.”

“ A few steps conducts to a view as various as the imagination can conceive,

a contrast suprising yet pleasing. On the side of the Levant Steps, all is the effect of spontaneous growth; the height attained, the reverse of the mountain exhibits only the gardens of art, mingling with the town and its military works. Many objects in the latter must be displeasing to a Spanish eye; yet the marquis requesting Montolieu to point out the king's bastion, uttered an eulogium on the gallant Elliott, as honourable as just:---'His victory was glorious,' concluded the generous Mondecarr.

"'Yes, my lord,' replied Montolieu; 'for his foe was worthy of his sword; it has been the fate of later commanders to enter the lists with less noble adversaries.'

"The Marquis turning quickly, with an expression of pleasure, said, 'Seignior, these adversaries may yet be friends; and the only sieges at St. Roque be those of hospitality.'

Father Ximenes, who attended his patron's daughter, with an assiduity by no means pleasing to Montolieu, accepted the offer he made him of residing at his cottage during his stay. Perhaps his inviter had heard the pleasant story of the lady who married her lover to get rid of him.

The governor, solicitous of paying every attention to the strangers, gave a ball in the evening. Montolieu entered with Madame Du Rose and Du Marr; his eye sought the fair Estella, but Mrs. Layde, and her party had not arrived.

The governor's house still retains the name of convent, from the former usages of the edifice: spacious galleries, forming a square, with piazzas below, lead to apartments, whose proximity and size renders the *coup d'œil* of an enter-

tainment very striking; from the saloon, a winding stair case leads to a garden of orange and lemon trees, where a stone walk, extending the length of the side nearest the sea, and canopied with lattice work and vines, is usually illuminated with coloured lamps on an entertainment being given. The entrance apartment, adjoining the ball room, was tastefully decorated with foliage and lights, forming a rural bower; from whence the folding doors displayed a company, of various costumes, and strange habits.

The king of the Jews, a lively little vivacious man, with fine eyes and teeth, came in a suit of English sables. H—— a Barbary contractor, in an embroidered vest and slippers, and scarlet turban, mingled with the loungers, and shook his white beard in approbation of General Clarville's lady, whose weight

equalling her consequence, entitled her to the apple of the African Paris.

V——, a Spanish merchant, looked down with contempt on Englishmen of vulgar alliances, since he had married Madame la Duchesse de Gascanados de Reale's maître de hotel's maid's uncle's neice. Crowds of gay dressed officers sauntered about, from the ensign, supposed a man of spirit from his noise, to his colonel, imagined wise from his silence.

Few ball rooms boast more beauty than that of Gibraltar; where the females of England, arrayed in the simple style prompted by climate, and absence of modes, would be irresistibly lovely, did not a fatal passion impel them to extravagancies surpassing belief. As the unfortunate Maria Antoinette is said to have uttered the word *etiquette* to the members of the academy of Paris, so

might the moralist of the dance cry, "abolish precedence! precedence! precedence!"

Round Lord Boreas Tempest grouped the daughters of an old admiral, solicitous to engage him in a cause then depending with the beautiful daughters of General Clarville, as to their superiority of rank. From arguments doubtless irresistible, and display of waists,

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less,"

the rough son of Neptune was released, by the importunity of Mrs. Long; who having never held a lord by the hand, kindly overlooked the age, corpulence, and awkwardness of gait, which certainly unqualified the eldest of the Tempests for the "light fantastic toe." Accosting him with the declaration of a fete having been betted on his com-

pliance, she placed her fair hand in his kimboed arm, and led him to the top of the room.

“Going to *engage*, my Lord!” cried Captain Hawser, as he passed.

“Wish I was,” replied Boreas, in a growling whisper; “rock bearing ten leagues to the eastward.”

Meantime the Clarvilles, as lovely nymphs as “Phœbus ever kissed,” advanced up the room, flanked by Colonels Minden and Brandywine.

“The contrast is striking!” observed Montolieu, as taking Du Marr’s arm, he paced the room in anxious expectation of Estella’s arrival; “poor Brandywine is, as you see, blind, lame, and not cast in “nature’s happiest mould;” yet the ladies admire his Scotch step. As for Minden, his peevishness, occasioned by old wounds and young partners, is pronounced something so *nou-*

velle, so pleasingly singular, so irresistibly odd, that he is compelled to lay his commission at their feet."

"Here," cried he, turning, "comes the very genius of extravagance:---that little woman you see advancing, highly rouged, with "ornaments of price," gives weekly suppers to the tune of hundreds; yet has she her virtues; and it has been observed, that no one has been severe against her, but those on whom the weight of obligation lies heavy. She now leans on the arm of one, who wearing on her bosom the costly gem she bestowed, is not blinded by its brilliancy to the faults of the donor. Let us walk away: --I would not be invited, or add a drop to the stream that is hurrying this unfortunate woman and her family to destruction."

"Montolieu," cried an officer, stopping as he was about to pass; "a party

again on Thursday at Danville's---Celestine has been employed ten days in preparations :---the most brilliant entertainment yet given ;---food for your satire, hey ?”

“ No,” cried Montolieu ; “ I love generosity, let it come in what shape it may. Come,” said he, “ addressing his friend, “ I will shew you an attempt at character.

“ Look at that faded belle, the exterior of whose head has adopted so strange a mode ;---the fancies within exceed it. A few years residence in France, and an observation (pretty accurate) of no figure glowing in our foreground unless rank or singularity place it there, determines her to affect ignorance of her own language ; and it is pleasant enough to detect the artifice. My lectures, Du Marr, are always accompanied by experiments.”

“Madam,” said he, addressing her, “do you not join the dance?”

“Ah, Monsieur,” cried the lady, shrugging up her shoulders, “*la cotillion, de French dance*:---*pardonnez moi*, me understand your language not at all.”

“I am sorry for that,” remarked Montolieu, “as I came to inform you your lovely daughter was preparing to stand up with an ensign.

“Sir, it is impossible!” cried the enraged lady, who could *scold* in English; “you insult me!---*Parisiana* can never forget herself, Sir!---Her birth, Sir, ’tis a mysterious story, Sir:---my daughter is entitled to the first offer in the room!”

“Let me offer you a fan,” said Montolieu drily, taking one from the seat; “you are warm.”

“That virago,” observed he, as they

returned down the room, “denies her husband access to the only habitable room in his abode; as a most unpenétrable English scull cannot admit the full force of a Gallic compliment, or retain sufficient French for even good-night. All the migrations of the poor man are from the coal cellar to the fowl-house. The lady lately opening a casement immediately over the latter, tenderly enquired how he found himself?---‘Much the same, my dear---*hen-pecked*.’”

“Mrs. Layde is late,” answered Du Marr, whose curiosity had been excited by the various descriptions of Estella, and who could not help wondering that Montolieu had avoided his enquiries on the subject.

The ladies, too, who had divided on the question whether the expected stranger would appear in the costume of

Spain, or adopt the French or English dress; as for some years has been the mode of the higher classes, evinced an impatience which was terminated by the aide-du-camp's announcing the Marquis's arrival to the governor, who meeting the party in an outer apartment, followed the noble stranger, and Mrs. Layde, with the fair Estella.

If the captivating Spaniard had appeared lovely to Montolieu in her ordinary dress, the singularity and beauty of the attire in which she was now adorned, contributed to heighten charms, whose power had already reached an English heart.

The polished jet of her luxuriant tresses, parted on her forehead, and fastened in a knot on the crown, had no ornament save their beauty, except a cluster of large Spanish jessamine, falling in fragrant blossoms on her forehead,

and a thin veil of white lace, which she wore during the latter part of the evening on her arm : her vest, strapped like a boddice, and composed of white satin, with a rich embroidery of black bugles, sat tight to her delicate waist ; a petticoat, likewise of white satin, reached just below the knee, from which a thick net of bugles, elastic to every graceful move, reached to Medicean ankles and feet, drest with all the taste of a Spanish belle. Her arms were covered nearly to the elbow with a net the same as the petticoat, and bracelets of jet, clasped with black diamonds, set off their snowy polish.

“ How beautiful she is ! ” exclaimed Du Marr.

“ I hardly know,” replied Montolieu, with affected carelessness

“ Why, you have seen her before ! ” cried his astonished friend.

“ Undoubtedly; but you know we were then examining prospects, not the human face divine.”

“ I am quite of your opinion, Sir, observed a red-faced lady, who had crowded to the front of the circle; “ Miss has no colour.”

“ Let us move,” cried Montolieu, forgetting a moment his character of an insensible; “ this dauber of nature would rouge the Medicean Venus!”

The Spanish women, from their extreme grace, excel in the dance; nor have travellers described with truth the enchantments of their boleros: the truth is, that tourists have few opportunities of witnessing the amusements of the higher classes; and have judged as accurately as an Andalusian would, were he to witness the Yorkshire hornpipe, and quote it as an instance of the vulgarity of English dances.

As the strangers promenaded round the rooms, Madame Du Rose, finding the idea of dancing the guaracha only unpleasant to Estella, from its singularity, on her return to the ball-room, with much politeness began her native waltz, selecting as her partner a youth of fifteen, the nephew of her husband.

“ Madame Du Rose has expiated the sin of the waltz,” exclaimed Montolieu: “ how modest her choice !”

Du Marr replied not; but following the fair Swiss with an approving eye, as she lightly swam round the admiring circle, and with downcast looks finished by a courtesy, full of humble grace, to the governor, joined in the murmur of applause that ran round the room.

The Marquis, however pride might have interfered on another occasion, could not refuse the compliment required by his entertainer, who, he had

repeatedly declared, had received him with chivalric politeness. Treading on the toe of Cervantes is by no means common in Spain; this therefore was of the first order of compliments; and Estella, at the command of her father, fastened the castenets on her lovely hands, and began a dance that gives

“ Language to the eye and lip.”

The attitudes of the boleros displayed the beauty of her fine form to its utmost advantage; and at the conclusion of each of the several parts, when the music plays a symphony to the one following, and the dancer rests, she was inexpressibly graceful; one arm waved the pendent castenet over a head, bending

“ In airy softness from the marble neck ;”

the other languidly reclining at her side, seemed to drop the instrument of animation at her feet.

The guaracha, or snake dance, succeeded.

“It is surely so named from its fascination!” whispered Montolieu to his friend: “Ah! Du Marr, these Spaniards would make charming mistresses; but surely jealousy goes with the ring;---I must avoid her!”

Montolieu, like most of his sex, though he could see all his dear prejudices vanishing at Estella’s smile, and own the necessity of enforcing the lessons of the Stoic heart, was deficient in practice; for as he led the fair Spaniard to the sumptuous banquet prepared in her honour, and pressed the soft hand he clasped, he whispered,

“Hither turn

“Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,

“Incline thy polish’d forehead;

“Where winning smiles and pleasures,

“ temp’ring, blend their soft allurements.”

CHAPTER VI.

“ It happen’d that immortal Love
“ Was ranging thro’ the sphere above,
“ And downward hither cast his eye,
“ The year’s returning pomp to spy.”

MONTOLIEU, in Father Ximenes, found an ecclesiastic of more genius than is usual in the Spanish clergy. He had passed many years of his life in South America; and however such a residence might have been supposed to have added rigidity to the spiritual fibre, he was by no means averse to throwing off the iron mask of superstition, or sharing the hilarity of heretics. Over the marquis he had complete sway; and informed Montolieu he had been preceptor to his

nephew, who was expected from Mexico to espouse the fair Estella.

“With her consent?” enquired his listener.

“She has never seen him,” replied Ximenes; “but will doubtless prefer him to a convent; besides,” added he, “the young Carlos is accomplished, and the Lady Estella has a taste for the talents in which he excels.”

“The Spaniards and English may ere long be friends,” said Montolieu, after a pause.---His observation was more connected with the discourse preceding it than Ximenes perceived.

“Signior,” cried the priest, whose devotion to the bottle now became apparent; “ere long they will be united.”

“Not so,” thought Montolieu, as he pressed his pillow; but if I dream of a bride, let her come in the form of Estella.”

The day following was spent at Cataline Bay. Carriages conveyed the ladies through the barriers, by the tower and guard of Saint Pedro, to the sandy acclivities leading to this sequestered spot. After a few minutes walk from a sterile height, the vine-decked bowers of Cataline, and its huts and caverns appeared below, with the scite of an Indian village; projecting rocks bound the prospect to the opposite town of Estapona, and the mountains that screen it; between, the clear unruffled ocean, smiling beneath the glory of a Mediterranean morn, disclosed near the beach various sea weed and shells, visible through the transparent fluid.

Here fishermen returning with their nocturnal spoil, cast on the sand the red samoneta and gaudy bream; whilst their wives and children invited the strangers to the gardens, beneath an extensive

canopy of vines; at the extremity of which, a cistern, raising on horizontal wheels constant supplies to the surrounding vegetables, gave coolness to the air, a breakfast of chocolate, sweetmeats, and fruits was spread, round which the party, in morning undress, and manner equally easy, conspired to render the scene pleasing to each other.

“ I love Cataline Bay,” sighed Mrs. Layde; “ we are not here too proud to be happy.”

A guard of honour was left with the ladies, whilst the remainder of the gentlemen accompanied the marquis round about some of the adjacent bays, in pursuit of wild pigeons. A large cavern adjoins the garden, in which a family have resided many years; their riches consisting of a herd of goats, a spot cultivated with vegetables, and the sale of poultry

of various feather, reared in the recesses of the cave. A door seeming to open from one side of this wild abode, the ladies expressed curiosity; and the apartment to which it led was opened for their inspection. It was cut through the stone, and dimly lighted by a small casement. A bed, covered with the Barbary haic, a mat of Esparto, an old carved chest, a crucifix, and large mandolin, comprised its decoration.

The old man, as he closed the door, said, "Ladies, this apartment used to bring a little fortune to us; but since the fatal fever, the bathers avoid it. Those who look for another season of calamity, fear lurking infection; others fear the spirits of the unhappy lovers who here perished. This gentlemen," said he, bowing to Montolieu, "has heard their story."

"Montolieu listen to a love story!--

impossible!" cried Mrs. Layde, "it must be a *bonne catholique*," whispered she, "that could believe in the miracle. I believe," addressing the fair Spaniard in French, the language in which they usually conversed, "I omitted calling your attention to what must undoubtedly be to you a curiosity---a petrified heart;---the learned call it a *lusus natura*. Montolieu," said she, as he took out his tablets and returned to the cave, whilst the ladies walked to the garden, "has been known to the general and myself since infancy."

"Is he noble?" enquired Estella.

"Undoubtedly," answered Mrs. Layde, smiling at her question. "His father, Lord Harville, is of an ancient family and considerable fortune. I am sorry to say he is made of more combustible matter than his son;---the sex have been his bane; and to the most worthless of it

are sacrificed the affection that would render his amiable wife happy, and the income that ought to allow the means of meeting his son's liberal spirit. Lady Harville has spent her life in the shade, preserving in herself the family name. Her son some years since offended his father, by refusing to sit at a table where his mistress presided; and in consequence his income is more limited than is here supposed. He exchanged from the Guards, to enable his mother to add comforts to her residence, Lord Harville's steward refused to supply, and to fulfil a few generous plans her high and noble spirit prompted. Montolieu wished likewise to avoid a father whose conduct called forth resentment duty would smother. Here he has passed some years, generally considered what we English term *a character*. In my opinion, he blends his mother's tender-

ness and morality with his father's satire.---Sometimes secluding himself from society for months, then emerging from solitude, and entering our parties with the manners of a misanthrope;---neither the rude or the unfeeling venture to attack him. The general and myself knew and loved the virtues of his mother, and with us the son is at home. Montolieu can, however, suit his manner to his society;--witness, fair Estella, his homage to your graces."

The subject of their discourse now returning, addressed the stranger: "I have been refreshing my memory," said he, "with the heads of a Spanish story. To-morrow, duty banishes me from your presence; allow me, during a tedious guard, to acquit myself of Mrs. Layde's charge; and, in your language, not that of an insensible, to pen a tale too *triste* for our present pleasurable plan."

Estella, as she bowed assent, coloured, conscious the permission might involve many consequences.

The governor having ordered the cave of St. Michael to be illuminated in honour of his noble visitant, the party proceeded, after a few pleasurable hours spent in the solitudes of the bay, to the garrison, and ascended the brow of the hill, over rude and irregular paths, to the platform at the entrance, boldly commanding the bay and distant shore, to which fable extends the subterraneous caverns of St. Michael.

Descending from day, the party, by the light of surrounding torches, trod over the glittering ruins of stalactites, and pursued awhile the branchings of the cave. In the centre, a fire threw its vivid light on columns of petrified water, from whence rays of sparkling glory spread to arches

whence depended pointed isicles, whose watery tribute created from beneath vast chapiters to their transparent pillars : round appeared innumerable caves whose perilous paths led to small lakes, or involved the adventurous step in unfathomable gulphs or inexplicable labyrinths. Vast flocks of bats, roused by the unwelcome glare, flew from the recesses to the mouth of the cave, covering with dark wing the surrounding rocks, and chasing the timid chamarese to the pass of the Palmettoes.

Descending, the strangers visited the lesser cave of Pocoroca, passing on their way, the simple dwellings of Bruce and Inches Farms, with their hanging gardens, enclosed by geranium and flowing myrtle.

Round the cave the landscape-stone lies in masses, that part with slight effort, and disclose lineaments of foliage,

flowers, or picturesque ruins. The cave, admitting to a considerable distance the setting sun, presented, in contrast to the illuminated pillars of Saint Michael, its day-scene of variegated spar, its ices tinged with green by the humid exhalations, or, as it hardened, darkening into grey.

During the walk, the difficulty of which rendered it impossible the attentions of Montolieu should not be accepted by Estella, he observed her manner changed. In common with the women of her country, her usual conversation abounded with sprightly wit; a kind of smile in discourse rendering the countenance and the expression used pointed and beautiful.

“A few days,” observed Montolieu, pointing to the hills of Andalusia, “and those will shelter you from us; pardon me, if I hope Gibraltar, and the happy

few who have been companions of your excursions, may live a time in remembrance."

"Our remembrance will keep pace with yours, Signior," said Ximenes, advancing, and offering his arm to the lady. Yet was not Montolieu displeased; her eye was eloquent;---it said, "Would we were of one country and one faith!"

On the following day, while the party of the preceding evening were tracing the Moorish remains of the ruined castle, and taking their *dejeune* in St. George's hall, Montolieu, condemned to the exile of Europa guard, mingled with the narrative of Carlos and Theresa the springing blossoms of his first passion.

The half-ruined building, anciently the chapel of our Lady of Europa, is situated on an elevated plain, scattered with rude rocks, partially adorned with

knots of wild flowers. The guard is silent and solitary, save when the venturesome miner rends the cliffs above, or the fierce waves of a Levanter, raking, as they recoil, the pebbly bottom of the deep, dash with vast foam over the seaworn caverns of Europa, and mix the shells of the Mediterranean with those of the Atlantic. It was now a calmer scene; a purple haze half veiled the African hills; the gentle rippling of a soft western breeze played with the solar beams on the ocean: at intervals a sail crossed the sparkling rays, and a shot was fired from a Spanish boat; but the propitious breeze soon wafted the one on its course, and compelled the other to retire beneath the batteries, whose adjacent watch-towers relieved the uniformity of the low land. Not even the step of friendship broke on the silence of the scene; and Montolieu,

softened by the recollection of the few days spent in the society of the most captivating woman he had yet beheld, and whom destiny would shortly separate him from, penned for her perusal the following narrative of a faithful, but unfortunate, passion.

CHAPTER VII.

“ Behold, in yon unconscious grove,
 “ The victims of ill-fated love !
 “ Heard you that agonizing throe ?
 “ Sure this is not romantic woe !
 “ Their golden day of joy is o’er.

.....

“ Assist them hearts from anguish free,
 “ Assist them, sweet Humanity !”

CARLOS AND THERESA.

(Addressed to the Lady Estella de Mondecar.)

“ IT is in Spain, madam, the residence
 of love should be adjudged. Her wo-
 men, blending in their manner wit and
 sentiment; in their beauty, seductive
 melancholy with graceful vivacity, in-

spire no common passion; and in no words but the energetic ones of their country can it admit expression. To this language of vivid imagination, the Italian must yield its myrtle: whether it expresses the ardour of attachment, the anguish of hopeless passion, or, catching from eyes formed to inspire alike the tenderest or liveliest sensations, a Promethean spark, it indulges in flashes of chaste and unique wit,---its power soars with the sentiment. Pardon me, if I use it, madam, in the narrative of Carlos and Theresa: I have studied your language with the prejudices of my country; and though I admit its elevation above the common occurrences of life, I am compelled to acknowledge it to be that of honour and of love.

“As you travel homeward, fair Estrella, the perusal may beguile weary

hours. Pardon the selfishness with which we would wish you sad at parting, from whatever cause that sadness may spring.

“To the left of St. Roque, near the forest of cork, leading to the monastery, the Cassa de Velos rises, on the banks of a stream enamelled with flowers. Sprung from an ancient family, though reduced in fortune, its owner preferred the privacy of shade, to an intercourse with surrounding society, less noble though more opulent. From pride of ancestry so many virtues spring, the moralist fears eradicating the weed, lest a flower may accompany it.

“The cassa was built in the Moorish style, round a court planted with orange trees, and commanded from its verandas a prospect extensive and beautiful. In the interior, the simplicity of De Velos's fortunes were contrasted by the

peculiar traits of his character;---furniture, covered with faded gilt leather; a library of romances and history; tapestry, on which appeared the wars of the Moors, and their expulsion by his great ancestor, Gonsalvo; a small armoury of old swords and muskets; and a chapel, stored with relics, comprised the principal apartments and decorations of an abode, for which the aged Hidalgo would not have accepted a modern palace.

It was here the youthful Carlos, his only child, had remained from infancy to manhood---from the period of indifference to that of susceptibility. Formed by the hand who tints the wild flower with the hues of a royal parterre, his person was elegant, his features favourable to the expression of his heart. Imagine, lady, a countenance of noble lineament, from which the enamoured

beam of fervent summer had withdrawn the rose; eyes clear and brilliant, whose sable fires were veiled by fringes, dark and silky as the rich tresses that wanton on a cheek of beauty:---I draw not a fancied portrait, fair Estella;---such a countenance I have seen, though not in man.

“ Confined to the society of a father, enthusiastic and unacquainted with a world he had secluded himself from for years, to the perusal of volumes where love and adventure seemed essential to character;---his hand but passing from the grasp of the sword, whose defence of beauty was wont to be related daily by his father, to the page where woman prompted every deed of glory, the freedom of his youthful heart but continued till the dream of high wrought fancy should be realized. The imagination can thus secure the affections

from meaner loves, till excellence claims its tribute. Years are, perhaps, passed in seeming apathy;---the world cannot read the insensible;---he may even jest with himself; yet present the reality of his vision, and he, perhaps, may act, think, and write as I do.

“ It was in the church of St. Roque, in the holy week, Carlos first beheld Theresa: kneeling on the pavement, her head meekly bending and half covered by her veil, her attitude was that of a Madona;---crossed on her breast were arms, spotless and lovely;---a dark and polished rosary contrasted their beauty: her mild and persuasive eyes, filled with devotion, and cast upward, seemed to forbid the admission of earthly passion to the charming form they illumined.

“ An author of my country, madam, says, devotion and love are so nearly allied, the one assumes the language of

the other.---Reflecting, that superior passion must, from its purity, be acceptable to heaven, I shall not offend you, by owning the first offerings of Carlos's heart were bestowed on Theresa at the foot of the altar.---He approached near her, as, with her companions, she advanced to respectfully kiss the holy form, extended at the foot of the sorrowing virgin: she would have touched it with her rosary ere she departed, but the eager crowd pressed towards the altar. Carlos, taking it from her extended hand, laid it on the sacred corse, and returned it to Theresa as she quitted the church. In her manner of thanking him he saw a thousand graces;---the mild and beautiful countenance she turned to his regards was pensive, and marked by touching expression:---it was the shade of devotion; for young, innocent, and

fair, Theresa had yet a disengaged heart. Carlos had now found an object 'fair as high fancy forms,' and as inaccessible of approach as romance could paint. Living with an aged mother of scrupulous habits, and whom she was said to support by her industry; descended from no family that could admit of equality with his own; too innocent to encourage love, too modest to admit she felt it herself, in the commencement of his passion for Theresa, Carlos was assailed by every obstacle that could heighten it. During the day, he dare not appear in his new character; but, when De Velos, wearied even with his ancestor's exploits, and nature called him to dream them o'er again, his son would retire to his apartment, and watch till the domestics slept; then, covered with his cloak, seek the abode of Theresa, and accompanied by a gui-

tar, devote to her beauty the offerings
of his muse.

SERENADE.

“ WHENCE stole those eyes their liquid fire,
“ Those rosy lips their rich perfume;
“ Clear, brilliant orbs of young desire,
“ And richest buds of summer’s bloom?

“ Theresa, whence thy matchless grace!
“ Ah! whence thy majesty of move!
“ Yet more enchanting than thy face,
“ Far keener dart to infant love.

“ Draw, draw thy envious veil aside,
“ Break on the night in all thy charms;
“ And swift across the lattice glide,
“ With lover’s haste, thy polish’d arms.

“ Why, fairest, does thy hand delay?
“ Here lingers youth and faithful love;
“ Thoughts, that from thee can never stray,
“ Desires, that thou alone canst move!

“ Come, then, Oh, come, most loved, most fair!

“ No step is heard on silent night;

“ The flowers their perfume waft on air,

“ The brilliant moon vouchsafes a light.”

“ Long did the enamoured Carlos sue his mistress, without token of favour: the timid girl hesitated avowing the passion that now ruled the pulses of her heart;---she trembled at the approach of love without hope.

“ Carlos continued, regardless of changing seasons, of affected disdain, his nightly homage to his veiled deity; till De Velos, whose suspicion was awoke by his abstracted manner and pallid looks, obtained information of his passion. Learning from the domestic he employed, that Theresa supported her mother by the sale of lace and other articles of feminine industry, his rage knew no bounds. Carlos would have exclaimed, as his father recapitulated

his ancestors and their alliances, Love knows no such distinctions ; but unable to bear the language used by De Velos, as he loaded Theresa with opprobrium, he left his presence, lest he should forget the father in the mistress.

“ Left to the sophistry of his heart, Carlos thus argued ; ‘ My passion prompts no unworthy action ; vice lurks not under its roses. Theresa is virtuous. Will not the same grave close on us---the same heaven receive us ! Of what avail then is birth ? My father may be reconciled when opposition is rendered fruitless by our union.’ These arguments were decisive, and Carlos determined to learn his fate from Theresa ; and should she meet his love, to persevere in it. He had missed her at her devotions some months, and lately she had totally withdrawn from notice. Stratagem was therefore necessary to gain admittance ; and hope whispered the youthful adven-

turer, the stricken hart had retired to the shade, with the arrow in its bosom.

“ To the roof of Gabarella, the supposed mother of Theresa, none were admitted but her confessor, the marchand des modes, who purchased the articles of their industry, and the surgeon of St. Roque. It was through the persuasive argument of gold, the latter introduced Carlos to his mistress.

“ Under cover of night and disguise he proceeded to her abode, situated in the suburbs of the town, and parted from superior mansions by an humble garden. Crossing a small court, over which the rich foliage and clusters of the purple grape admitted through the latticed roof but partial gleams of moon light, Carlos, guided by a distant lamp, approached an apartment on the ground floor, and hearing voices in discourse,

paused at the entrance. The rays of the light within allowed him to observe the objects around it: the room was meanly furnished. His eyes hastily passing the antique chairs, dark crucifix of ebony, and a brazier, in which a few glimmering embers glared with melancholy light, fixed on a sofa, where lay a figure in the languid attitude of indisposition. The face was covered with a light veil; but Carlos knew from Lamiez his mistress was an invalid, and with anxiety he endeavoured to catch her accents.

“ ‘Theresa,’ exclaimed the old woman, less in the tone of tenderness than disappointment, ‘you must remove.’

“ ‘Allow me,’ exclaimed the drooping girl, ‘allow me to linger a little while :---my parents sins are visited on me. Alas! the passion that caused their crime, bends their offspring to the

grave!---Promise me, when I am incapable of offending his father---when the eyes my Carlos has praised are closed, the lips that have a thousand times breathed his name in prayer are wan, the confession of my heart may be made known to him.'

" 'Come, come!' cried Gabanella, peevishly, 'the fancies of a girl can be laid aside, if we will it. De Velos has power to render our abode near him impracticable. Lamiez advises your removal to Cataline Bay.---Old Lopez and Marianna will nurse you till I return from Cordova:---your father must be urged to fresh supplies. As for Carlos, he is a boy, who soon forgetting you, will give you cause to blush for your folly.'

" 'Who are you, Signior?' cried she, as Carlos advanced. Hastily taking the paper he gave her, she read it by the lamp.

“ ‘ Doctor Lamiez is ordered from home,’ said she, as she concluded; ‘ and he recommends his friend.---Advance, Signior,’ cried she, holding the lamp over the sofa.

“ Carlos, disguised as an aged man, approached his mistress, and gazed on her with the tenderest emotion. Her sensibility and youth reduced her to the grave; and the struggles that rent her tender heart had been for him.

“ If the impassioned youth had surrendered at the approach of beauty, how secure was now the conquest, when admiration, gratitude, and all the tide of sweet and soft affections rushed on his heart, binding him indissolubly to Theresa. With trembling hand he pressed the arm she held to him. Gabarella mistaking his tremor for that of enfeebled age, drew a chair near the sofa, and placing the lamp at a distance, retired.

“ ‘ I honour you for the humanity that induces you to visit one so little able to repay your kindness, Signior,’ said Theresa, in reply to the enquiry he made of the duration of her illness, ‘ and will not deceive you. I am not happy, and cares of various kinds corrode my mind and impair my strength : my malady therefore is beyond your art.”

“ ‘ Have you changed the scene?’ enquired Carlos.

“ ‘ I have not resolution, nor have I the means,’ said Theresa, after a hesitating pause. ‘ Your age and humanity calls for confidence. I am the offspring of disgrace. My mother, seduced by a villain, has expiated her crime by her life. Neglected by her seducer, it is five years since she died, leaving me to the care of her servant. I have, Signior, supported that servant by my industry ; for when the world derided her peni-

tence, and spurned her for her crime, she was my mother's only friend. Surrounded by the children of marriage, my father heeds me not; and though the extreme of poverty approaches, I thank the saints I eat not the bread of a mother's tears.'

“Affected, and in a voice inarticulate from emotion, Carlos would have spoken; but she continued: ‘Signior, I have been virtuous; and have thought, should my mother's enemies chance to witness my life, they would almost doubt her error, and acknowledge her precepts were those of virtue. This hope has animated my industry, and supported me under scorn. To remove a stain from the memory of her whose affection to me was guiltless, I have with steady hand removed the intoxicating cup of the passions from my youth, and forbade my heart to retain an image at-

tachment would have placed there;---that heart has broke in the conflict---but, surely,' said she, pleading, 'by giving up my life in the cause of virtue, I shall expiate the death of her who died in sin!'

" Her voice faltered; and the hand Carlos held trembled in his. The resolutions he had formed on entering were hastily abandoned: he respected her feelings too much to hint at a passion she avowed her resolution of combating; and adored the humility that forbade her to hope for an union with him.---It was the purest homage Carlos could render virtue:---he forbore to press the hand he held;---his warm tears dropped on her forehead.

" 'These,' said she, 'are the drops of pity;---they are grateful to me.'

" 'Allow me,' said Carlos, as he rose and bent over her faded form, 'to advise and help as a friend, whose age

cannot excite suspicion, whose profession entitles him to confidence;---rest assured, you are the care of Heaven, and that it will reward you in the instance in which you have shewn most virtue!---Use means for your recovery: my fortune allows me to offer it; and, my departure, perhaps never to meet you again, removes the pain of obligation:---Lamiez will advise with you;---let your departure be secret.'

"Hastily leaving his purse in the hand he quitted, Carlos, with agitated steps, withdrew, and regained his home.

"In the quiet of his chamber, he was at leisure to ruminate on the events of the evening.---Theresa was no longer the object of boyish fancy, whose beauty, awaking the dormant passions, only promised pleasure whilst inclination was young and charms unfaded:---he had seen her altered;---her graces no longer

in play, her youth and bloom withdrawn; yet was she loved with greater ardour.---It was the triumph of virtue; and the passion of Carlos assumed a new and lasting character:---it combined the manliness of maturity with the ardour of youth; nor, had he been admitted to an intercourse with his mistress, could he have praised her beauty.---‘What a mind has Theresa!’ would he exclaim; and the lustre of her eyes faded from recollection: yet with the new sentiments her virtue inspired, the determination of an union with them became more fixed.

“ From Lamiez he shortly learned the departure of Theresa, and that Gabarella consigning her to the care of Lopez at Cataline Bay, had departed!

“ Carlos soon formed his resolution: in the common habit of Spain, and features tinctured with artificial shade, he

left his home, taking every precaution to divert pursuit.

“ Affection prompted a farewell letter to his father;---it promised speedy return; but every line was calculated to mislead as to his retreat. De Velos instantly sent to the abode of Gabarella; but learned from the owner of the house she had occupied, that both Theresa and herself were at Cordova.

“ Whilst his father wearied himself by enquiries, Carlos, unsuspected by the society to which he introduced himself, engaged with Lopez, to tend the flowers of his garden, an occupation he was acquainted with, from its having formed a part of his amusement at his home. The carnations reared in Cataline Bay form a lucrative article of sale to the Genoese, who unite the occupations of fishermen and gardeners.

“ For a time Carlos carefully avoided

the steps of Theresa, contenting himself with the distant and melancholy contemplation of her fragile and altered form. In her absence from the garden he wove the branches in thicker shade near her accustomed seat, and placed at its feet, and on the edge of its leading avenues, the most luxuriant of his flowers, the richest carnations, the myrtle of thickest bloom. The walks where her frame sought shelter during the heats, were sprinkled by his hand with cooling showers, from the adjacent cistern, and their canopy of foliage trained to more impervious shade. Sometimes at the close of day she would wander on the shore, with eyes directed homeward. Concealed by projecting rocks, the regards of her lover still followed the steps of the lovely shade, guarding them in security from the approach of a stranger ; or by placing in her way va-

rieties of marine weed and shells, lure her short-lived attention to their beauty.

“ In moon-light nights Lopez was wont to assemble his family, and encourage the sprightly sounds of the castenet and mandoline. The gardeners, with the exception of Carlos, were boys ; and those, with the children of Lopez, formed a groupe of animated and cheerful beings, whose sports at times had power to chase thought from their pallid guest.

“ Carlos soon saw change of residence had failed in its power over disease. He trembled at the changing looks of Theresa, and determined to disclose himself, and claim the hand, as he possessed the heart, of his mistress. The opportunity soon presented itself. Marianna had gone to a sacred festival at St. Roque ; her husband and his children, laden with the produce of the

net and the garden, went singing on their way to the garrison; and Carlos beholding his Theresa slowly advancing to taste the fresher air, threw himself at her feet, and pleaded for her and himself. Surprise, gratitude, and joy overcame the object of his tenderness:---she fainted in his arms, as she owned life desirable for his sake.

“How delicious were now the happy hours! As Carlos unreprieved breathed his passion, he saw with joy health again flush his Theresa’s cheek and sparkle in her glance. Lopez, made the confident of their story, accompanied them to the Spanish church, where they were married by the resident padre of the garrison, and returned to the seclusion of Cataline. Here Carlos led his bride to the influence of every transient breeze that fanned the bay. She bent the beauty of her bosom to the

wave ; and clasped by his supporting arm, paced the gardens he had cultivated for her sake.

“ It was the care of Carlos to point out every probable prospect of happiness in the vista of the future. Alas ! unhappy youth ! the impending clouds were already hanging over the bower of bliss. A day of calamity began its dawn, at whose close, love, beauty, and attachment were consigned, with all their sweetness, virtue, and fidelity, to one disastrous grave.

“ To form in your imagination, lady, the high mark at which the insatiable archer levelled, the picture Carlos gives of his situation, in a letter to his father, is here presented :

“ ‘ Allow your disobedient Carlos, revered and beloved De Velos, to supplicate your pardon. He has married the object of his soul’s wishes, and here

alone lies his offence. Throw from you, my father, in imagination, the weight of years ;---think you love like me, with all the ardour and passion of youth ;--. that you behold the object of that passion yield all her beauty, her pride, her bloom of youth, to strew an early grave with their faded sweets, and that no fond relative, no kind friend, interposed, to soothe her spirit, or rescue her loveliness from so hard a fate ;---could *you* have been a silent unmoved spectator of the approach of death, could love have permitted the sacrifice!---Join with me, my father, and exclaim, ‘ Virtue, principle, honour, forbade it!’ I am now a husband. Often have you, my father, told me my mother was the choice of your youth. Think on your sentiments for her---your feelings when she first owned your child throbbed near

her heart!--My Theresa will become a mother!--Check not, my loved father, the tide of delightful emotions that rush to my bosom, at the rapturous yet solemn name of parent! I will do my duty by my child, as you have done; and, should he offend, I will not refuse him pardon.

“ ‘ Dear, ever dear, be this secluded spot!--sacred be its name to all who love me!--Here I have snatched the treasure of my life from the grave!--here has she courted the breeze, the wave, the foliaged shade, and in all found health!--My father, share in my joy!--Theresa and Carlos are one;--both are rejected, or both received!’

“ Thus far, fair Estella, I have traced with steady hand the story of my lovers. Many have loved with truth, but few have been alike unfortunate!--How shall I describe the closing of their fate,

to one so tender and amiable as her I address !

“ Nature, as mourning the mortality that shortly prevailed, gave awful signs of the period when disease should break the ties of affection, and one vast grave open to thousands. A six weeks Levanter, hiding the sun in a heavy condensed atmosphere, spread over the rock a dark curtain of clouds. Vast heaps of white sea-weed, brought on the stormy waves, accumulated on the shores, adding to the pestilence by its rapid decay ; and by the singularity of its appearance, awakening the fears of superstition :---the ocean seemed to give up the shrouds of its dead.

“ It was my fate, madam, to witness the horrors of this period. Never can it be effaced from my remembrance !---Awhile the pride of man preserved the petty distinctions of the grave :---affec-

tion sought to bury its dead, or respect bore rank to the 'narrow house;'---shortly the pestilential arrows flew too quickly:---the mother forsook her child!---the union of the heart was dissolved!---the affections fled; and savage indifference, cowardly fear, and selfish terror succeeded. Shut up in solitude, scarce venturing to look from the closed lattice, the wretch, who forsook all but self, listened to the slow and heavy sound of the death-cart, and struck by the breath of heaven, added, at its return, to its load, and was hurried to the vast grave, where enemies and friends indiscriminately met. Even Avarice closed its palm:---the wretches who, driven by hunger, approached the aperture, where above a smoking censer appeared an eye mingling terror with desire of gain, dropped their gold in the vase of vinegar, and received its weight

in bread. The fearful wretch who hurried past, as if the noxious air of the solitary and forsaken streets bore an embodied form, and pursued him, essaying to strike, told, as he passed, of friends departed, with features cold and fixed as the monumental stone.---What wonder thought had no leisure to ruminate on virtue, love to lament beauty, or gratitude to mourn for greatness?---The shadows passed so quickly to the grave, they forbade distinction in regret.

“ You rejoice, lady, that midst the calamity I pourtray, the smiling vineyards of your native Andalusia invited the lovers to safety---that the adventurous boat quickly wafted them to security!---Far other was their fate!---The seeds of the fatal infection were supposed to have proceeded from Cataline: centinels prevented communication;---

no boats ventured near its forbidden shore; and those that despair launched towards the Spanish coast, were repulsed by the inhabitants with the obduracy of men who strove for life.

“ Whilst Carlos beheld no change in Theresa, he beheld unmoved the terrific pall of clouds above his head---the winding sheets that clung on the rocks below;---the frequent death---the expiring sighs of Marianna and her babes passed unheeded!---He marked not that man avoided man, and that the accustomed voices were still, the accustomed steps heard no more:---all his faculties were absorbed in one object; nor when that object faded, did he despair. Hope leads on, changing her delightful form at every step of destiny;---flatters us those we love shall escape the dart of fate; when struck, whispers recovery;

and finally, bending over the bed of death, points to heaven!

“Kneeling by his Theresa’s couch, Carlos would have detained awhile his angel. Left her sole attendant, he prayed, ‘restoration might hang its medicine on his lips,’ but prayed in vain!--Watching by the expiring flame of a lamp, the gleam of eyes no longer brilliant, but dimmed by mists of death, he beheld the last spark of life ‘flutter and expire.’ Awhile he gazed on her altered face---wept on the arms, once the loveliest of her beauties, now livid and cold, pressing the crucifix in their stiffened grasp:---Our second union approaches, Theresa!’ exclaimed he, as the warnings of disease crept through his veins. My strength suffices but to form the grave that must receive us both!--Alas! to thy unborn babe thou art thyself the tomb!’

“ Wrapping her in her veil, he took her in his arms as tenderly as when he feared the slightest motion would

“ Shake the buds of health from blowing,”

and advanced with trembling steps and frenzied glance, to the mouth of the cavern. Morning just dawned; not as it was wont, bringing breezes and freshness to nature, but fraught with pestilential vapour and oppressive heat, the exhalations of the shores, mingling with a sulphureous scent, ascended, loaded with contagion. No one appeared, to assist or hinder the melancholy interment of Theresa. As Carlos laid her in the sandy grave his trembling hands had prepared, a dove, struck by the pestilential vapour, dropped at his feet. ‘ Emblem of love and innocence!’ said the unhappy youth, as he lifted the

wing that ceased to flutter, ‘ be thou buried with Theresa !---lay on a bosom,’ said he, dropping it gently in the grave, ‘ as spotless and pure, as faithful and ardent, as are thy attributes !’

“ From a cave above Lopez had witnessed the scene :---thither he fled with the last of his children ; and whilst he feared for the babe, he kept aloof from the unhappy Carlos. When insatiable death claimed the object of the old man’s care, regardless of an existence become hateful to him, he descended to the grave where he had beheld the bereft husband stretched days and nights, regardless of light or life.---The attentions of Lopez were useless ;---his entreaties were not heard by him who suffered no more.

“ When the arm of Providence arrested that of death, I enquired for De Velos. Age and sorrow had conferred one of its few blessings :---returned to the im-

becility of childhood, he trifles with misfortune;---the offspring of Carlos seems to sport in his walks, the sweet Theresa to soothe his infirmities, and the hand of his son support his steps.

“ If, fair Estella, you pronounce Carlos the most unhappy of lovers, remember he was beloved!--he loved not without hope; and even in resigning his treasure, he gave her not to the arms of a rival.

“ When you love, madam, may no cloud, but such as your smiles can disperse, intervene!--no sorrow obscure the brightness of your eyes!--no care agitate your bosom!

“ Accept the wishes offered, most respectfully, by your devoted

“ CHARLES MONTOLIEU.”

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Him ev’n the dissolute admir’d ; for he
“ A graceful looseness, when he pleased, put on ;
“ And laughing, could instruct. Much had he
 “ read,
“ Much more had seen ;--he studied from the
 “ life,
“ And in th’ original perus’d mankind.”

MONTOLIEU, represented as the narrator of Theresa and Carlos, the admirer of Estella, appears not the satirist and the cynic of the preceding pages ; yet the seeming inconsistencies of his character are such, as many, on examining themselves in the closet and the crowd, must acknowledge to be nature :--perhaps he has best described his own feel-

ings in the commencement of the story ; certain, he inherited from his mother a sensitive mind, shrinking from the touch of insensibility ; he used the satire of his father to secure it from the multitude. To Estella, the tablets of a heart, blending an admiration of beauty, derived from one parent, a tender morality, from the other, had been alone unlocked ; perhaps, unconsciously to himself. Greatly as he valued Du Marr, in one point he differed :---the love he bore Estella, sought no confidence ;---he buried it in his heart ; and when she departed, he mentioned her not, and resumed his usual manner. The marquis had parted from him with professions of regard, Ximenes had lingered in his adieu, and Estella had waved her “hand of beauty.” He endeavoured to think the past a delightful dream ; and, as if willing to dissipate its remembrance,

mixed more in society, though by no means more indulgent to their foibles. The private theatre was a source of alternate amusement and censure; already had many rehearsals taken place previous to opening for the season; and Montolieu assisted in sketches of scenery, was the hero of every piece, and the writer of every prologue.

“What!” said he, on a request for the latter, will you forgive me,

‘ If my trembling pen displays
‘ What never yet was sung in mortal lays ?
‘ But how shall I attempt such arduous string;
‘ I, who have spent my nights and nightly days
‘ In this soul-dead’ning place, loose loitering ?
‘ Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted
‘ wing ?’

Yet, Montolieu chose a graver theme; and on the theatre opening with Goldsmith’s admirable comedy of *She Stoops*

to *Conquer*, and *The Mock Doctor*, though he declined taking a part, wishing to point out to Du Marr, the theatrical characters, as they came on with the shifting scenes, he delivered the following

PROLOGUE.

No more the rock, unblest'd by gentle showers,
Denies the fragrance of ambrosial flowers ;
No more with heated bosom, parch'd and bare,
Our fainting Flora pants for western air :
Reviv'd, she rises from the humid earth,
At every step gives vegetation birth ;
From rocky urns her floral gems arise,
Her scented breath along the ocean sighs.
Shall, then, the earth we tread, revive alone ;
The rocks around the power of season own ;
Yet, man, awak'ning from his listless dream,
Refuse his bosom to the mental beam ;
Or, woman, fated to the rose's doom,
Share not its sweetness with its transient bloom ?
For other ends the drama formed her laws ;
For other ends her changing curtain draws :

With solemn mien, *Melpomene* appears,
Instruction mingling with her tragic tears :
Thalia strews with flowers the alter'd stage,
And shews the follies of each clime and age ;
Yet breathes this moral, as her wit beguiles,---
' The purest hearts must wear the brightest
smiles.'

" Behold our manager!" said Monto-
lieu, as Colonel Main entered : " he fills
a stage well ; but having been a nautical
genius in early life, he treads one as
cautiously as if preserving his equili-
brium in a storm!--' Steady! steady! "

" He gets applause---I wish he'd get his part."

" How admirably dressed!" exclaim-
ed Du Marr, as *Mrs. Hardeastle* en-
tered.

" 'Tis little Doctor Dell; he is the
comic support of our stage. Our sage
manager would fain have him in

breeches; yet, I appeal to you, was ever an enormous hoop, high toupee, large ruffles, and fan, managed better:--- attend to him; he is comic to a degree."

The risibility that broke out at the appearance of the little doctor, by no means discomposed him. With a seeming unconsciousness of the cause, he stood adjusting his apron and ruffles, and coolly fanned himself till they were at leisure to attend; then, entering on his part, his conception of the character, and his manner of performing it, were so admirable, as to call forth bursts of applause.

Hardcastle supported him with much effect.

"Observe the officer who performs *Tony*," cried *Montolieu*: "his mistress, so languid,

"The breeze of Heaven visits her too roughly,"

is seated in the stage-box. What a conflict!--he must lose the reputation for noisy comedy---his whip and himself have held since the introduction of the play, or give up one of the *five* chances in our matrimonial lottery."

"The disadvantages under which gentlemen performers appear, must be obvious:---seldom sufficiently *au fait*, or sufficiently absurd for amusement, their audience find judgment cramped by the awkward feeling of obligation to actors of rank, who kindly administer their dramatic opiates. When the Spanish company from Algesiras perform, you will have more amusement."

"That will be to-morrow," replied Du Marr; "they passed my guard yesterday."

"Gil Blas is ever new," observed his friend; "men, of every description, are the same as Le Sage described them,---even

Spanish players.---I have witnessed their *entree* ;---*Jassamine* drives in the *Queen of Flowers* on a *bourra* ; whilst, seated on a pile of scenery, the *Rose* languidly droops on her stalk, the *Violets* run after.---The *Garden of Flowers* thus leaves Spain ; but arrived here, the proscribed *Autos Sacramentalos* are revived in all their ancient mixture of absurdity and profanity. The ease with which religion and frailty are mingled in these representations, renders the mask of *Thalia* deformed and odious. With the exception of *Guillen de Castro* and *Calderon*, the dramatic writers of Spain appear to have little merit."

On the following evening these remarks were verified, during the performance of *El Diablo Predicador*, many years a favourite piece with the inferior comedians of Spain. The *Devil*, introducing himself into a convent of

Franciscans, seems intended as a compliment to that particular order:---he, however, proves the better preacher; and his hearers might forget his character, were they not reminded of it by a tail of most unaccountable length, depending from his habit, over which the *Gracioso* continually falls. Indeed, it appears a constant stumbling block;---damsels going to confession---old women with assignations---lay brothers with provisions on fast days---preachers with absolution to married women;---all are stopped on their way, and strange miracles wrought by its power. The few love scenes are extremely ludicrous; as the *Gracioso* attends with a long feather, watching his opportunity, whilst the pathetic is at its height, to

“ To brush the dust from his princess’s nose.”

“ Are you satisfied?” cried Montolieu,

as the curtain dropped amidst the universal applause, excited by the punishment of a husband who would fain have kept his wife out of the *Devil's* way, though he appeared in the form of a Franciscan.

“The moral certainly is defective,” replied the Swiss; “and I am astonished, where the power of the clergy is unlimited---the audience are catholics;---nay, I observe an ecclesiastic who seems to relish these jests on the sacerdotal habit.”

“By opening this vein,” observed Montolieu, “they preserve the health of their body. Those who enjoy the jest till they tire on the stage, carry it not home with them.”

The curtain now drew up, and presented the melancholy spectacle of Nebuchadnezzar, on all fours, advancing to the front of the stage, with grass in

his mouth, chewing it with strange howlings. Amid the singular distress of his situation, he had not forgot his *toilette*; for a handsome French suit of rather ancient taste, with broad gold lace, “hung over his recreant limbs;” and a *peruque* of large dimensions, “*bien poudre*,” set off his face, and formed a kind of *loft* for his hay. After the *Gracioso* had leaped over him two or three times, he retired to his den; and the prompter announced aloud, that Anthony and Cleopatra were at supper.

“Have the great personages of the earth the Chinese privilege of now following their example?” enquired Du Marr, laughing immoderately at the cracked trumpets and rumbling cannon sounded on the occasion.

“Undoubtedly:---but, hush!---the scene lifts to the guitar. Gods! is this

the syren that lost kingdoms!---What is the meaning of her breaking an egg in a tumbler?"

"Signior," cried a Spaniard behind, touching his arm, "she *dissolva de perle*."

"Correct ;---luxurious girl!---but Anthony seems enraged :---his mistress might drink a province ; but why is he so extravagant as to burn his wig?"

"She hava declara one grand intention to die.—Ah! dere be de sprightly girl; she changa her mind, and dance de bolero."

"If you have any patience left, Du Marr, " let us exhaust it elsewhere," said Montolieu, hurrying out of the theatre.

On the steps he was accosted by a young officer, who had performed the heroine of the piece on the preceding evening. "You lost a fund of amusement, Captain Montolieu," said he, "in

being absent from the feast of the buskins last night."

"I should have imagined otherwise," replied he, as they entered *Celestine's*, in quest of ice; "parties ran high."

"We sat down to supper, drest in character; Major Main at the head of the table, and Dell, in his hoop and fly cap at the bottom. After a few glasses, theatrical business began to be discussed, and much difference of opinion prevailed. *Mrs. Hardcastle* grew so enraged, that laying her elbows on the table, over which the ruffles spread, *she* or *he*, which you will, placed both hands to the sides of her huge toupee, and obstinately refused admittance to the colonel's words; except when from time to time, utterly forgetting the *dress*, the little Doctor, striking his fist on the table, violently exclaimed, '*I am a man!---*Colonel Main, I'm a *man*;- -

it does not signify, I am a *man* !” His wild disordered looks, torn petticoats, which from their extension had caught every scene ; his tucker and foreign bosom, head dress awry, and fan, with which he fanned without ceasing, were such risible contradictions to the assertion, it was not in nature to resist laughing. Our mirth was by no means relished by Dell, who putting his great coat over his hoop, and his cocked hat on his cap, gathered his train over his arm, and passed the centinels rapidly home, grumbling out to their challenges, ‘ *A man ! a man !*’ Various are their reports of the strange figure that passed. The *great lady* that died in the fever ;--the *Virgin*, walking out of the Spanish church ;--the head of the French ship sunk in the bay, have all perambulated in report, to the South. The moon was bright, and the apparition must have

given its very front to the beam :---
would I had followed it !”

“ Poor Dell ! cried Montolieu, laughing, “ the man does not live that plays a better part. I hope Main has not banished him the stage.”

“ By no means : but your Prologue is not liked ; you should have enlarged. He means to write them in future himself.”

“ I understand you :---

“ Much did he talk, in his own usual phrase,

“ Of genius and of taste, of players and of plays ;

“ Much too of writings, which himself had wrote,

“ Of special merit, though of little note ;

“ Much too he chatter'd of dramatic laws ;

“ Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause.”

“ Was it not so ?”

“ I believe it was :---but, how did I perform ?---You have not either blamed or

commended, though you chose the part for me."

"Why, then truly your voice is too rough for a languishing lady, and your mein too awkward for a graceful one :--- you are too black for a fair praise ; and being as you are, you will never do ; but were you otherwise than you are, I should not like you. One hint :---do not apply *sal volatile* to your head with the air of a bumper toast, or present your fan like a pistol."

A fine morning on the following day lured numbers to the Almeyda, where the vendues, or sales were accustomed to be held under the trees. A few Moors, richly dressed, leaned listlessly against the Maltese furniture offered for purchase, smoaking their pipes of red clay, amber, and ivory ; and viewing with astonishment the gestures of a Mediterranean *Christie*, who was ex-

plaining the uses, properties, and beautifying qualities of a *mosquito net*, not forgetting to remark the security presented by its leaden weights.

“Bullets, to be sure, are a great security!” said Captain *O’Phelim O’Connor Shagnessy o’Tyger*; “but I put mine in my pistols, dear.---Captain Montolieu, your *sarvant*; give me your hand.---I shall be on your guard to-morrow, and I’ll give you a story for every bottle you bring.”

“The routine of duty brings my friend and me together to Landport,” said Montolieu, presenting Du Marr.

“Ah!” cried O’Tyger, with ridiculous gesticulation, “*parle Francy*, my dear.”

“I speak English.”

“Then let me tell you, till you hear *Irish*, you’ll not understand it.---I remember when I attended the college at *Bogmuderty*, a pratty little place of re-

putation, with a bird's-eye view of my own *parater* fields, Father O'Lary *professed* the languages."

"I think," said Montolieu, interrupting him impatiently, "I see Mrs. Layde's carriage.

"Sure you do," cried O'Tyger:--- "they are all going to see if a Jew makes more promises to his wife than a Christian. The great Benaboo's *dater* is to be tethered to Jekel Moiader's son.---I'm sure I might expect a *favor*, for I have paid him three cobs a month for a doubloon, this year *to come*."

"This will be a new scene to you," observed Montolieu, as taking Du Marr's arm he crossed the Almeyda, "I have interest enough to admit you."

The gentlemen were in time to hand Mrs. Layde from her carriage; who, accompanied by Madame Du Rose and General Clarville's daughters, were received at the foot of the stair-case, with

great respect, by the elders of the Jewish families, and conducted to the upper rooms. At the head of the most spacious of these apartments, the bride, covered by a veil, sat under a rich and elevated canopy, attended by her female relations, superbly dressed in the English style, to which the singular costume of the Barbary Jewesses, who composed the greater part of the company, formed a picturesque and pleasing contrast.

After examining the ornaments of the bride, estimated by her *prudent* lover at thirty thousand hard dollars, but singularly inelegant from their settings and unwrought strings of pearl; the party walked round the rooms, from which the bridegroom and his friends seemed excluded, unless, when hastily crossing, they offered attentions to the general's party. The third room contained a large canopied bed, whose pink satin

curtains, quilt, and pillows, were entirely covered with rich point lace. The toilette presented the same splendid support to a glass framed with silver; and near stood a bason and ewer of the same costly metal.

“The riches of our Jews,” said Montolieu, “may in some degree be estimated by this gorgeous display; but by no means their habits. Scarce has the honey-moon past, than the paraphernalia of fortune is hurried away to coffers, only opening to great events, and the house re-assumes its scanty furniture, and the inhabitants their squalid attire. They are an ugly race. Were it otherwise, how charming would be the group the adjacent room presents! A marriage calling for the attendance of the invited during days, this apartment is appropriated to the children, and the mothers come to fondle

or attend them. The cradles have the same adornment, according to the rank of the parents; but the poor little black idol of the rich shrine, brings all *Loretta* to the mind. By casting your eyes round, you will observe the Barbary Jews, a distinct race as to dress or complexion. The contemplation of the beautiful woman near the lattice is an example. Her husband is contractor for the markets with the port of Fetuan, and her dress the exact costume of the Moorish Jews."

The woman of whom he spoke, and of whom Du Marr caught a glance, had large fine eyes, a clear and fair complexion; her face a fine oval, particularly beautiful above the forehead and brow. Above the dark and regular arches of the latter, a band of different coloured jewellery was placed, surmounted by a turban, or thick cushion

of red silk: over this, a large veil of gold or silver brocade is usually worn; she had laid it aside from the heat, and the absence of its stiff and gaudy appearance was of advantage to the dress. The cambric of her chemise and waistcoat, both cut round above the swell of the bosom, and clasped with rich studs, were embroidered with gold.---Her jacket, of silk, embroidered at the wrist, and buttoned with pearl, was confined by a large silk sash rolled round the waist; and her petticoat, of white, bordered with gold, shewed to advantage gilt slippers. Immense gold rings, set with precious stones, completed the dress.

“ This, with the exception of drawers, is that of the Moorish women of rank,” said Montolieu; “ who, incapable of moving, if at all handsome, loll away their days on sofas covered with leo-

pard skins, over which boards, with golden characters of the Alcoran are fixed. Last year, I obtained leave to visit Barbary on a shooting excursion; but never was able to gratify my curiosity with the sight of these ponderous beauties.---Lighter women, however, walked on the terraces; but the jewels and the embroidery were closeted with *Fatima*."

A bustle now pervaded the rooms; and the rabbies, with venerable beards, and habits of ceremony, entered to perform the marriage, followed by boys carrying immense wax tapers and rolls of parchment. One of these was unfolded, and the male relations, taking the edge in their hands, repeated, in a kind of chaunt, the names of their tribe, and select passages of scripture. The contract was then signed; and the bridegroom and bride, drinking from a glass,

it was dashed to the ground, with the wish, that no separation might take place till the fragments were united.

“A tourist would remark,” observed Montolieu, “the art of mending glass unknown amongst the Jews.”

Refreshments were now served in profusion; gold filligree cups filled with chocolate, salvers of dried sweetmeats, and piles of cakes, concluding with papers of a composition made of flour and honey, were presented each guest, and which must be eaten in token of amity to the house.

The bride now withdrew her veil; and the Jewesses, who assembled round to fan her, were very anxious Mrs. Layde should pronounce her handsome: whilst she hesitated, Madame Du Rose discovered a dimple in her chin;---the attendant nymphs were satisfied, and the party departed.

CHAPTER IX.

- “ There’s some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
“ Some unmark’d fibre, or some varying vein.
“ Shall only man be taken in the gross?
“ Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss;
“ That from each other differs first confess;
“ Next, that he varies from himself no less;
“ Add Nature’s, Custom’s, Reason’s, Passion’s strife,
“ And all Opinion’s colours cast on life.
.....
“ Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.”

DE VALMONT, whose misfortunes became generally known, and whose seclusion, therefore, met no censure, could not resist the many feeling attentions paid him by his young neighbour, on whom the singular fate of this estimable man had made no common impression.

Montolieu received little additions to his library] and garden by every packet from England; both of which were rendered subservient to the amusement of the count, in a manner that only a humane man understands how to confer without offence. After he had exchanged his flowers for all the weeds he fancied in Valmont's garden, and borrowed all the military books he possessed, sending his last publications in French and English, merely to fill up the shelves till they were returned, an interview took place; and the parties were so well pleased with each other, that the count often called to request Montolieu would accompany him in his walks. One day, they were passed by two or three officers, in dress strangely disordered, appearing to look for something in the interstices of the rocks. Suddenly leaving the object of their

search, they darted up the steep paths of the hill above, and seemed only intent on gaining its summit.

Valmont, looking after them, exclaimed, "I seldom take my evening or morning ramble without meeting these naturalists.---Have you seen their collection?"

"No, my lord," replied Montolieu; "none but the *traiteur* of their mess has that honour.---You look astonished! I must explain:---the Epicureans are too numerous amongst us for mention; not so the little band of stoics that have excited your attention: they consist of men, otherwise of understanding. The aim of their singularities must undoubtedly be to excite attention:---drinking oceans of claret would not effect this; eating deer fed on almonds; or turtle fattened in the inundation, would only be copying petty heroes of the fork;---

but to drink water in Gibraltar, and, at a feast, call for cabbages, merits no common praise; and, in truth, has excited no common attention.---To keep this awake, these Pythagoreans have added other mortifications to those of the table. At day-break, such as are disengaged from duty, walk bare-footed on the isthmus, in some places rugged enough for the expiation of a Bernardine; their breakfast is prepared of sallads; they then sally forth, picking herbs for dinner, as you have seen; occasionally varying the walk by storming the heights above. The slumbers of the night too are broken through; and the stoics rise from their beds for the enjoyment of a shower-bath. As may be supposed, the brothers of the order are pale, emaciated, and taciturne. Some have found it necessary to quit the society, preferring life to the death of honour. Colonel

Brandywine, for three months, filled the superior's chair; he had abandoned the sons of Bacchus, seriously alarmed at the consequences of intemperance, and was hailed with joy by the votaries of famine. The daintiest cabbages were cut in his honour, wild asparagus gathered, and libations of water poured to the Naiads. In a month, the ghost of Brandywine appeared to his former companions, and resumed his seat and and glass. A deputation of stoics were sent to recal the fugitive; to whose remonstrances, he replied, in a whining tone;---“ If I must die, leave me to the pleasantest death, I intreat.”

“ It is doubtless to the sect you speak of, the innumerable caricatures of the garrison allude?” observed the count.

“ Yes;” replied Montolieu, “ the walls of the guards are covered with flying fish speeding to the fountain---‘ stop

thief! stop thief!’ labelled on their fins. Seriously, I think the fraternity of use; our young men discover any change of life can be effected where *we will it*. It is a pity, what is urged as impossible to morality, should be so possible to singularity.”

Landport Guard, where Du Marr and his friend were solus, during the morning, is that of active duty. Books or drawing, the resources at more retired stations, are laid aside; giving place to the hurry of admission to groupés of foreigners, entering the garrison with provisions, or visiting it from curiosity.

At dinner, Montolieu spoke of Captain O’Phelim O’Conner Shagnessy O’Tyger, who was expected at night from the out-posts, in company with a Pythagorean. “He is a man of very singular manners,” observed he; “his estate, of which he gives such ample

measurement, adjoins my father's, in Ireland, and is by no means considered as an addition to the prospect. My mother values Mrs. Judy O'Tyger from her antiquity and love of her son, and has given me strict entreaties to be attentive to him. Our habits are so different, this is hardly possible, but we are on general good terms; and when he delights in embellishing a story,

“ Further the deponent saith not,”

I prevent, if possible, the arrow going wide of the mark. The officer who accompanies him, is so complete a contrast, that some amusement may arise from their disputes:---I have no apprehension; for O'Tyger is a lamb in wolf's clothing, and has a singular faculty of cooling in proportion as his adversary warms;---yet he is brave in the field.”

Chess beguiled the hours till the arrival of the Hibernian and Lieutenant Drinkwater. A supper of rare dishes, the customary tax on the captain of Landport, was spread; and O'Tyger, doing ample justice to it, heeded little the abstinence of Drinkwater, who, he said, "ate his salted leaf with the mien of a mawkin."

"Now tell me, my dear," cried he, "were your cabbage water corked up in bottles, and kept in your cellars till crust came on them, would you fill such a bumper to the king, or your mistress? I was on guard," said he, changing his theme, and addressing Du Marr; "with an officer of yours, who tells me you are a bit of a philosopher.---Now, Sir, you must travel in Ireland:---Did you ever see the Giant's Causeway?"

"No;" replied Du Marr, "I should wish to hear from an eye-witness, the

wonders I have read of that astonishing phænomenon of nature."

" You could not apply, my dear, to a better person:---as to the height, Sir, I have leaped it."

" Leaped it! ——

" Aye; and no bones broken:---true *Malasien breed!*"

" I should think," observed Montolieu, dryly; " the very recital of that story would occasion broken bones!"

" I should like to see a specimen of your powers, from St. George's Hall," said Drinkwater.

" You are wrong," observed O'Tyger; you would not jump off into the ocean in *shallow* water!---you are safer where there is *no bottom*.---Come, you had better be after *aiting* a bit of the turkey than mouching sorrel."

Montolieu, seeing the blunt rudeness of O'Tyger distressing to the young

man, filled a tumbler equally from their respective bottles; and saying he complied with the humours of both, drank diluted wine to their healths.

“To the fair Spaniard!” said O’Tyger, affecting archness; “to be sure I’ve not wrote the old lady you were courting and the family priest living with you all the while.”

“This is leaping the causeway again!” said Montolieu, contemptuously.

“Now, my dear,” said O’Tyger, “you have the advantage of being a man of rank, and you take it.”

“If my rank,” said Montolieu, “stands in your way, put it aside with the scabbard of your sword, to-morrow.---I am no duellist; but, as I wish to give satisfaction, if I fail, you can take it.”

“Arrah, now, be easy,” cried O’Tyger, considering himself awhile; “give me your hand; we are the bravest men in

the garrison, and will spare each other for the sake of the *breed*."

Drinkwater informed Montolieu, he had heard in the course of the day, that Generall O'Reilly had been ordered from the command of the Spanish lines.

"I regret it," returned he; "born of an Irish father, his heart is British; yet his partiality leads him to no action inconsistent with his duty to Spain. French influence has doubtless removed him, to make way for one more in their interests. O'Reilly's character may be judged," said he, turning towards Du Marr, "by his conduct to an officer of this garrison. Returning from St. Roque, Captain F—— met within the Spanish lines, and guarded by one of the Walloon Guards, a soldier of his company, who had deserted; he stopped, and with the permission of his companion, questioned him. The man, who had been at work

beyond the barriers, was intoxicated at the time he deserted; and now, partly sobered by his walk, owned his regret, in terms that determined his officer to turn his horse, and accompany him to the General's quarters. The soldier's story was told O'Reilly, who, with much feeling, replied, "The man is yours again:---you describe him as attached to his officer and his corps;---I do not admit him as a deserter:---I want no man to join our service with regret; and will myself write your governor to pardon him." Sir H——, though he would not make terms without the barriers, pardoned the man on his giving himself up.---Castanos is a man firmly attached to his country, but does not possess the talents of O'Reilly.---He is attentive to the English; but can hardly preserve terms with the French resident, who continually ob-

jects to the parties of pleasure the English are fond of forming to Algesiras and St. Roque."

On the following week, Mrs. Layde, accompanied by the principal families of the garrison, went to the Orange Grove, with the intention of breakfasting there, and spending the remainder of the day at St. Roque. At break of day, carriages and horses left the barriers, and boats pushed off from the mole with such of the party as preferred disembarking at the mouth of the little river, formed from springs, on the banks of the Orange Grove. Within view of the equestrians, whose horses hoofs dashed in the wave that sparkled over the sands of the isthmus, the boats glided along,---the changing appearance of the rock affording matter of conversation to the party, consisting of Mrs. Layde, Madame Du Rose, Miss Clarville,

and their guard of honour. Arrived at the grove, it was only by representing themselves the servants of the ladies, the gallant Spaniard would allow the officers to land, some etiquette in their passport having been omitted. Under trees bending with weight of fruit and flower, and in an opening of the grove, admitting a view of the hill of St. Roque, and its white and scattered buildings, a breakfast was spread, near the stream. The scent of the rich fruit, hanging above in clustering canopies of verdure; the blossoms strewing the earth beneath; the freshness of the morning, and the *dejeune*, whose tables were decked by the owner of the garden adjoining with flowers, milk, honey, and fruit, afforded a pleasing variety to the constraint of Gibraltar, and the uniformity of its scenes. At the Orange Grove, a small house has been built, which is usually

rented by an inhabitant of the fortress. A few gardens surround the place, whose owners reside in cane huts, built beneath walnut trees. The Indian aloe forms a hedge to the gardens, adding, by its singular appearance, to the novel character of the scene.

After viewing the interior of the Villa Campagne, whose wainscot pannels are coarsely painted with rural scenes, a few of the gentlemen remained to angle in the stream, whilst the others accompanied the ladies to St. Roque.

The town, irregularly built on a small hill, down which the streets descend in frightful and dangerous steeps, has few houses of any rank :---its church is mean, and it boasts no convent.---Shops, where a variety of *bijoux* in dress are sold, and an excellent inn kept by a French emigrant, however, render St. Roque the resort of the garrison. After lean-

ing over the iron balcony, surveying the characters that passed,---(a priest with enormous beaver, shading features uniting the gourmand and the enthusiast in their expression---an officer, whose shabby habiliments and dusty honours were strikingly contrasted by the belle he escorted; who, with the mien of a duchess, paced, in rich silk stockings and embroidered slippers, the dirty streets, removing with arch coquetry her thin veil with her fan, to give force by a glance to an *equivoque*;) the party went to the shops, enriched by articles for English purchase. The gold chains, similar to the Venetian silver filligree, and catholic ornaments, are not exposed for sale at the windows; but entering, the ladies were surprised to find the mean owner of a meaner shop, produce topazes, rubies, and emeralds of value. Dried sweetmeats and rich crape hand-

kerchiefs, worked in gold and silver; black lace, and stamped tiffany, in imitation of white point, made part of the purchases of the morning.

In the square of the town, Montolieu informed Du Marr, the preceding year a bull-fight had been held :---“ the matadores gathered bloody laurels in the morning, where the dance was held at night. In the balconies of this now deserted place, the flower of the Andalusian and Granadine families mixed with our ladies from the garrison. How far,” said he, apart to Du Marr, “ this was consistent with the timid softness of their character, I cannot determine; but, undoubtedly, the Spanish women, bred from infancy to consider the bull-fight a place of gallantry and amusement, seemed less indecorous in their attendance than the English

females, who, in their country, consider such sports inhuman and vulgar.

After sauntering through the streets, occasionally peeping through an opened door, at the rich jessamine growing round the inner court, the party returned to the inn, a large old mansion, built round a square, where the horses and mules of the travellers were fastened; forming no bad picture of the castle yards where Sancho and his master met with

“ Variety of wretchedness.”

In the dinner, consisting of fish, game, venison, and pastry, excellently dressed, no peculiarity appeared, but the serving of the whole in large round dishes. In the centre of one, a ranger, surrounded by smaller fish; in another, a fowl and

small birds; a third, containing a fruit pie, garnished with pâties, giving a singular appearance to the table.

After dinner, the sound of a guitar, accompanied by a low, sweet voice, excited the attention of the ladies; and Montolieu retiring, to enquire for the musician, returned, and whispered Mrs. Layde, who rose immediately, followed by the party. The scene they hastened to witness was an affecting one. In the hostess's apartment sat a blind Spanish boy, of very pleasing countenance, about seventeen;---by his side, and intent on her young lover, to whom she addressed the impassioned song of attachment, stood a girl, about his own age, leaning over her guitar, on which she played with some skill;---her voice, mellowed than the usual Spanish note, was extremely pleasing; but not heeding the

presence of the strangers, or their intreaty she would vary her song, she persisted in repeating Pedro's; and the words, simple and affecting, told her story of the heart.

"Are these lovers to be married?" enquired Du Marr.

"Felice is too young," replied the hostess: "my nephew loves her;---but, alas! he cannot support her!---They are happier now as they are; and when both are older, both may alter."

Du Marr perceived Madame Du Rose colour and turn away: presently returning, she pressed her purse in Felice's hand:---"Do not love any but your unhappy Pedro," said she; "God will find a portion!"

The girl looked wistfully in her face, and gave the gift to her lover.

The evening approached, and leaving

the horses to **speed** over the sandy plain, to meet the evening gun, the marine party gave their sail gently to the breeze.

“ St. Prioux,” said Montolieu, softly, to Du Marr, “ had strange temptations in a boat; he wished to precipitate himself to the bottom of the lake with his married mistress!--how prompts your fancy?”

“ To hand her out;” said Du Marr, presenting his arm to Madame Du Rose.

Mrs. Layde gave one of her social suppers. Her house, ornamented with much taste, consisted of four public rooms, united by a gallery, open on one side by lattice work to the sea, and filled with flowers.---Transparent marble vases, containing tapers, emitted a soft mellowed light on apartments, fur-

nished with green silk hangings and ottomans.

Cards were declined, and Montolieu and Du Marr sung French songs.

“I regret you did not hear Madame De Mondecar sing,” said Mrs. Layde; her voice is fine, and her skill and taste exquisite. What a charming woman!--her residence amongst us appears but a pleasing dream!”

Montolieu sighed deeply; in idea, his eye pursued Estella in the dance, dwelt on every feature of her expressive countenance, and revelled in her brilliant eye! He endeavoured to shake off the shade of thought that had taken possession of his mind, but in vain.

“The governor has received pleasant information,” said General Layde, entering, after a short absence;---“the principal provinces of Spain are in revolt;

and the yoke of France is about to be trampled under foot, by the abandonment of indolence in a brave nation. The English will undoubtedly engage in the expected conflict; and Castanos has had this evening communication with the garrison. It could not be expected the last insult to their sovereign would be tolerated.---I am opinion that the Spaniards are capable of great energies."

That evening the merchants of Gibraltar gave a supply of money to Castanos, for which they would accept no interest; and which was as honourably repaid as advanced. Communicating boats came now daily; the Spanish people, awaking into energy, astonished the continental powers by their efforts to free themselves from their invaders; and for a while gave a bright example of heroism and resolution.

In the course of our narrative, the fatal causes of their failure will be slightly touched on, with every delicacy to a nation, who, however unfortunate in their armies, have the sacred names of Saragossa and Gerona enrolled in their annals of fame!

CHAP. X.

“ What might'st thou do, that honour would
thee do,

“ Were all thy children kind and natural !

“ But see thy fault;—France hath in thee found
“ out

“ A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills

“ With treacherous crowns !”

SPAIN had for many months presented a dawn of freedom, at which sinking Europe revived. The spectacle of her genius emerging from vine-decked caverns of repose, and converting even the relics of superstition, and the priests of her altars, to the soldier's supply, and the soldier's companion, argued greatly of the future; and resting on their arms,

the nations awaited in suspense the eventful combat.

The energy of Spain in the commencement of her struggle surpassed example. Their confidence betrayed,---their sovereign insulted,---the respect to the altar and the veil withdrawn,---her people rose *en masse*, and the tide of indignation awhile swept all before it. Whether it was the "incumbrance of help," or the factious spirit of the Junta, that cramped this arm of strength, the flame soon ceased to appear, in other than faint flashes of valour; only serving to draw the demon of destruction to the spot whence it rose.

Castanos, no mean agent in the negotiations of his country with E——, though no statesman, was a firm patriot; nor does his disgrace militate against this assertion. A master-stroke of policy removed from the cabinet and the

field, all whose efforts were feared by the friends of France; and the deluded multitude needed but the cry of treason, to raise their arms against those who had led them to laurelled fields.

A generous and able nation came forward with noble ardour to the support of Spain. What was her reply?—"Give us money, arms, cloathing, ammunition, but no troops; or only garrison our sea-ports, and allow their armed inhabitants to join the armies of the interior. Your soldiers cannot subsist as ours:---their habits are different;---above all, their faith. Their route must be marked by famine:---the cross opposes their entrance to our abodes:---hatred, disunion, and reproach must ensue!"---Prophetic words!---registered by the ghosts of an army,---verified by the failure of every effort!

Amid the changing characters of the

Spanish page, none appears so prominent in the revolution, as Pedro de Cavallos, the friend of his degraded king, the follower of his fortunes, the reprover of his enemy ; yet admiration is checked by the Spanish shade;---stratagem and finesse are the boast of the statesman. Cavallos, it may be urged, sacrificed his own feelings to the urgency of the times. Who does not, in the contemplation of this distinguished character, lament the necessity of such an offering.

The same enthusiasm that urged the land of freedom to aid Spain in her glorious struggle, diffused its spirit to every British bosom in her distant possessions. Montolieu, considering man in his inactive state as degraded, panted for permission to enter a service presenting its contrast of enterprize, glory, and hope, to the tedious rou-

tine of duty in the prison of a garrison:---he gave in his wishes to the governor, and awaited his acquiescence with no common anxiety.

Du Marr, on hearing his resolution, suffered the idea of Estella to sully the warmth of his praise. He could not believe her remembrance had not great sway in the determination of his friend. He had been a silent observer of his manner towards the fair Spaniard, and marked, that he feared to trust himself with the mention of her. Montolieu indeed felt for Estella sentiments no other woman had ever inspired. In his silence he gave unequivocal proofs of the sincerity and ardour of his passion. Romance, in the delineation of love, errs widely in this point. It seeks no confidant; and, buried in the bosom, it enshrines the image of its devotion from every "profane eye." Du Marr had

indeed confided the story of Josephine to his friend ; but the union and reserve of his mistress, his own principles, and above all, the traces of time, had weakened the flame of younger days. Montolieu would have gladly concealed his infant passion from himself. Love without hope, for an object whose habits, manners, and ideas must be dissimilar ; and who, at the close of a life of happiness, would chose a different path to heaven, could not be admitted, without reason slumbering on its post. Certain it is, no idea of Estella mingled with his wish of joining the patriots of her country. Here Du Marr wronged him. The impulse of glory was distinct from that of a passion he would rather have dissipated than encouraged, by the active scenes he panted to engage in. It is in the inactivity of peace, the calms of life, the passions gains domi-

nion. From the field of valour, the spirit of enterprize, the active expectation of every changing hour, Love spreads its light wings; and speeds to the indolence of the palace, the rural scenes of the cottage, and even the closet of the philosopher.

In a few weeks news arrived of the battle of Baylan, where Castanos, at the head of an army, consisting mostly of peasantry, gave glorious proofs of patriot valour. Montolieu received permission soon after to quit the garrison; and the few days of his stay were mostly spent with the Count Valmont and Du Marr: the former, though resigned and composed to the afflictions that had singularly weighed on his heart, seemed gradually to approach the close of life; nor could his friends regret it. The world was a blank, presenting no endearing relative, no joyous scene; and

even the conversations of friendship wandered far from present scenes, to recall recollections sacred to the heart. Montolieu's character had attracted the the attention of the count, and succeeded in withdrawing him a moment from thought; but when he found, beneath the mask of humour, a heart above price, accessible to every touch of feeling, their converse, as they walked among the remote paths of the rock, assumed a graver cast. De Valmont did not part with his young friend without regret:---“You teach me, young gentleman,” said he, “my heart is not quite withered.”

Du Marr passed the evening previous to his departure with Montolieu. Estella was not mentioned; but Madame Du Rose, who at the moment was attending Valmont with a daughter's affection, became the object of their warm pane-

gyric. "I conjure you," cried Montolieu, "by the memory of the past, to suffer none to suspect you have felt any beyond the common interest her virtues excite. As yet she has conquered even envy by the blameless tenor of her life; but a whisper may destroy her peace and yours. You tell me love has changed to friendship:---the heart is deceitful on these points;---never trust it."

"If I know myself," cried Du Marr, "I can avow it impossible the autumn of my passion should produce the flowers of its spring.---Fear me not;---I only intreat of fate, I may shew Josephine her honour is dearer to me than her beauty!"

CHAPTER XI.

- “ See how the golden groves around me smile,
“ That shun the coast of Britain’s stormy isle !
“ Here kindly warmth their mountain juice fer-
 “ ments,
“ To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents :
“ E’en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
“ And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume ;
“ Blossoms, and fruits, and flow’rs together rise,
“ And the whole year in gay confusion lies”

THE sun had prepared the nectareous juices of the grape, and hung its purple clusters in rich profusion over the latticed casa and mountain’s brow; yet spared awhile its intense ray. It was early in July; and the embraces of Flora and Pomona gave birth to per-

sume. Pursuing the banks of the Guadarranque, Montolieu arrived the third day at Ximena, built on a rock, and presenting the first features of mountain scenery. It was his intention to proceed to Seville by the way of Ronda, in preference to the route extending by the coast. A Spaniard from the garrison accompanied him as his servant; and, dressed in the Spanish uniform, well armed and mounted, the travellers proceeded through a country singularly picturesque, meeting only at intervals the mountaineer or the mayoral. The varieties of foliage gave a changing character to the scenery :---pale and melancholy olives; woods of cork, casting gigantic shadows near the "frequent cross;" golden oranges, pendent vineyards, and ample chesnut, led up the mountain, and resigned the traveller to steep rocks, decked with the scarlet

flowers of the opuntia, and through whose interstices the mountain streams glided with the retarded pace of summer. The peasant's cabin supplied goats milk, in bowls of Sargentum clay; grapes, in purpling bloom; and pyramids of figs, glittering with dew.

When a countryman's abode presented itself, Montolieu gave it the preference to the *Possada*. At the season in which he travelled, the latter, presenting so many inconveniences to a foreigner, was divested of most of those evils. The noon-day refreshment was spread beneath the cork-trees; and the idle village group scattered at the voice of the rising armies. A few old men, wandering with their guitars, and composing patriot songs, mingled with the families of the absent, alternately raising their enthusiasm by strains of valour, or melting the wife and the

mother by praise of those who “greatly fell.” At Adajate, after entering the bosom of the mountains of Vargausin, Montolieu sat at the door of the venta, and taking his tablets, copied the simple song of an itinerant musician, round whom the remnant of the vine dressers gathered. It was thus the news of the patriot armies was circulated through the mountains of Spain.

BALLAD.

“ HAVE you heard how brave CASTANOS,
Late at Baylan fac'd the foe?
Have ye heard how, ere the sun-set,
Many thousand French were low?

“ How, brave advancing, met the charge,
All our Andalusian youth?—
Flow'rs of valour, none are faded;
Still they live in fame and truth!

“ Them the Holy Virgin guarded,
Casting round her sacred ray:—
Some to future deeds awarding,—
Some to Honor’s deathless day.

“ Sigh no more, ye Spanish fair ones !
Wither not your youthful charms !
Know, than Love are other duties ;
Called are youth to other arms,

“ Repine no more at Honor’s meed,
Mothers fond and Sires hoary :—
Rejoice your sons atchiev’d the day,
And, conqu’ring, rose to glory.

“ Bless the Saints, that brave CASTANOS,
Late at Baylan slew the foe ;
“ Bless the Saints, that ere the sun-set,
Many thousand French were low.”

The few inhabitants of the late populous village formed an interesting group round the itinerant singer, intent on the words of his irregular and ex-

tempore verse. The servant of Montolieu mingling with these, was eager to communicate his master and himself were on their way to join the heroes of the song. To avoid the notice this drew on the brave *Englesa*, he walked up heights rich with the promised vintage leaving the musician to conclude his address to the politicians of the *Possada*:---

“ Have ye heard, how great CAVALLOS
Round the throne his council pours ?”—

Ascending steeps crowned with the wreaths of the *Bacchante*, he beheld, “ a speck in distance,” the last glimpse of Gibraltar. Like the imperfect shadows left by departed intimates on the tablet of memory, every scene of happiness brightened on his recollection, whilst all the fancied ills with which

his "imprisoned spirit" was wont to torment itself, mellowed with the distance, till they blended with pleasures. The evening soon veiled the object of his gaze; he turned away with regret, and forgetting "time and space," waved his adieus, as he remembered friendship hallowed its scenes, and love had there tried his infant wing.

Journeying through mountain scenery, the travellers approached Ronda. The road led up the curvatures of a precipitous rock, on whose paths even the step of the mule momentarily paused, winding over huge and fallen branches of gigantic corks, to the citadel, surrounded by craggy mountains and natural fortifications of rock, through which a minor river forms its moat. All around was wild and picturesque; unless where on the north-east, nature smiled in orchards, rich in fruit and flower: on the

opposite, hung the cabin, its sides formed by rock, and thatched by vines, whose purple clusters swelled from their foliage. The wild genius of the scene, stretching his gigantic limbs to the abyss below, bathed his rugged feet in the mountain torrent, now lulled by the gentler airs of summer, and scarce murmuring at its impediments of rock and foliated roots.

To the soldier's eye the remains of works that long braved the Moorish arms, and defended the wild passes of the mountains from their progress, are interesting. The walls of Ronda were regarded by Montolieu with veneration; and he mused as he paced their works, on the spirit of the buried hero, and the kindling flame now rapidly spreading through the Spanish provinces. The appearance of the commandant of the fortress, and a few ill-cloathed centinels

roused him from the dreams of past and future. Don Diego Petronella de Levos, after satisfying himself, Montolieu had not changed his faith with his service, expressed no further interest, and became so obstinately taciturn, that the Englishman, who expected the whole indolence of Spain had been roused by the patriot cause, was eager to shake off this representative of the Siesto; and hastened towards Ossuna.

The character of the country changing as he descended from the mountains, was melancholy; a grey saddened soil gave root to the pale olive; and with the exception of the ruined fort of Canete, which he alighted to sketch, introducing a traveller in the foreground, he met with little to divert his disappointment at the commandant of famed Ronda. The Spaniard, who stood leaning on a long staff, resembling the crook

of the Sierra shepherds, allowed him to sketch his figure and national costume. His waistcoat consisted of a fleece; leather slips covered his knees; his legs were bare, and his feet shod with hempen sandals: a Montero cap and cloak, folded on the shoulder, completed the dress. A horn cup and bread were all the precautions he had taken for a journey, he informed Montolieu, was of great length:---a cork tree shaded his bed of leaves at night.

“What soldiers such men must make!” exclaimed Montolieu.

“Success to the patriots!” said the Andalusian, as he went on his way.

“The country improves,” thought our traveller: “we are rapidly leaving all traces of Ronda.”

At Ossuna an excellent inn recruited the fatigues of travelling; and in the cool of the evening, Montolieu walked

out to survey the town. Round the al-meyda are built several handsome houses ; in its centre a fountain rises, and two pillars, with Arabic characters, placed on each side, form its support. Montolieu, seating himself on one of the stone benches that surround the square, surveyed with pleasure the different balconies, adorned with pots of rich carnations ; the lattices, half unclosed, afforded him a view of the fair owners, who chose the evening hour to refresh their flowers, and sprinkle, with arms of snow, their drooping beauty. He was roused from so pleasing a contemplation by a voice, whose tones seemed familiar to his ear, and turning his regards, beheld Ximenes. The reader must have traversed a solitary country, with every necessity of receiving advice in the plan he may be about to pursue, to imagine the joy with which Montolieu

recognised an acquaintance fully competent to give such information, and who had received from him attentions a generous spirit would undoubtedly feel pleasure in returning.

Ximenes heard Montolieu's intention of joining the Spanish armies with unfeigned surprise. He could not withhold the praise his spirited conduct claimed ; but after his compliment conversed more of the Junta and its politics, than the army and its heroes. The Marquis Mondecár, he informed Montolieu, had been nominated to the council ; and from his interest in Andalusia and Leon, might be expected to have great weight in public measures. Ximenes did not affect to conceal his influence over Mondecár. His manner, always imperious, seemed secure in authority. His advice of Montolieu's proceeding to Seville, and his remaining

till the nobility had raised their levies, met, however, his wishes; and, at the invitation of Ximenes, Montolieu continued in his company the remainder of his journey.

During their progress, Estella was frequently mentioned by the Father, in terms that convinced Montolieu she counteracted his influence with the Marquis.

“The Lady Estella is not at Seville,” said Ximenes, in answer to Montolieu’s enquiry; “but resides at one of the Marquis’s estates, some leagues further on the banks of the Guadalquivir. Retirement suits her best. With all the late Marchioness’s beauty, she possesses her high and haughty spirit; and affects a voice in her father’s councils displeasing to him. The enthusiasm she displays in the patriot cause renders her unmindful of appearances.

Montolieu felt indulgence: the weak-

ness, if it could be termed so, was his own ; but hazarded no observation, remaining silently attentive.

“ Estella,” continued the Father, “ has received the accomplishment of education : she understands several languages ; and is a musician ;---you have seen her dance !”

Montolieu coloured : he fancied Ximenes had read the impression her graceful manner made.

“ Thus far,” continued the priest, “ she studied the graceful accomplishments of a Spanish lady ; but Estella reads, acts, and argues at will ; and has a most pertinacious obstinacy of opinion, that bends not even to the church. Her cousin, the Countess B——, has encouraged this ; and in consequence incurred her uncle’s displeasure. The ladies, when together, ride spirited horses half the day, consume the

hours of the Siesto in reading history, and those of the night in singing their own verses. They part as lovers, and correspond daily. The countess is now at Seville."

On his arrival Montolieu was received by the Marquis with every mark of esteem. The cold churchman, of obscure birth, and debarred from arms, had not justly appreciated his character, or welcomed the volunteer with ardour:---With Mondecarr it was otherwise. He insisted on Montolieu's residence with him; and introducing him to the nobility that now were assembled at Seville, as a man of rank and a patriot, secured him their attentions.

The beautiful Countess B——, sister to the ministering angel of Saragossa, understanding he had known her loved Estella, delighted to turn the

conversation on her merits; and regretted an absence she scrupled not to impute to Ximenes. Montolieu sighed on her praises with a lover's fervour, but a lover's secrecy. He was anxious to learn if his narrative of Carlos and Theresa had been perused by the countess; but finding her ignorant of its existence, he argued favourably of his cause.

Seville displayed more of the gaiety of victory than the deliberations of a state; the grandees being more intent on the display of equipage and parade, than the important duties they were called to fulfill.

Amid the captivating fair ones, the frequent *Tertullias* and *Refrescos* introduced him to, no Estella appeared to our hero, bright as her his bosom cherished. The countess only seemed

lovely whilst conversing of her friend; and to her his attentions were devoted. The *Refresco* is the most admired of the Spanish parties: sweetmeats, chocolate, and *rosadas*, dissolved in water, constitute refreshments; wit, *equivoque*, and boleros, the amusement; to which the ladies sometimes add their voices, accompanying *Segudillas* by their guitars.

“ These women are captivating and seductive,” allowed Montolieu; “ but the novelty of their manner past, they want the expression of the heart:---their eyes, their air, and step are eloquent; but their speech is that of indifference:---its repartee, its mingled devotion, and voluptuousness, convey not the language of feeling.”

When a lover is absent from a mistress as lovely as Estella, he may be

pardoned observations as unjust as Montolieu directed to the Marquis de Santa Croix, the wit inspired Molinas, and the Grace of the Guaracha, Monderos.

END OF VOL. I.

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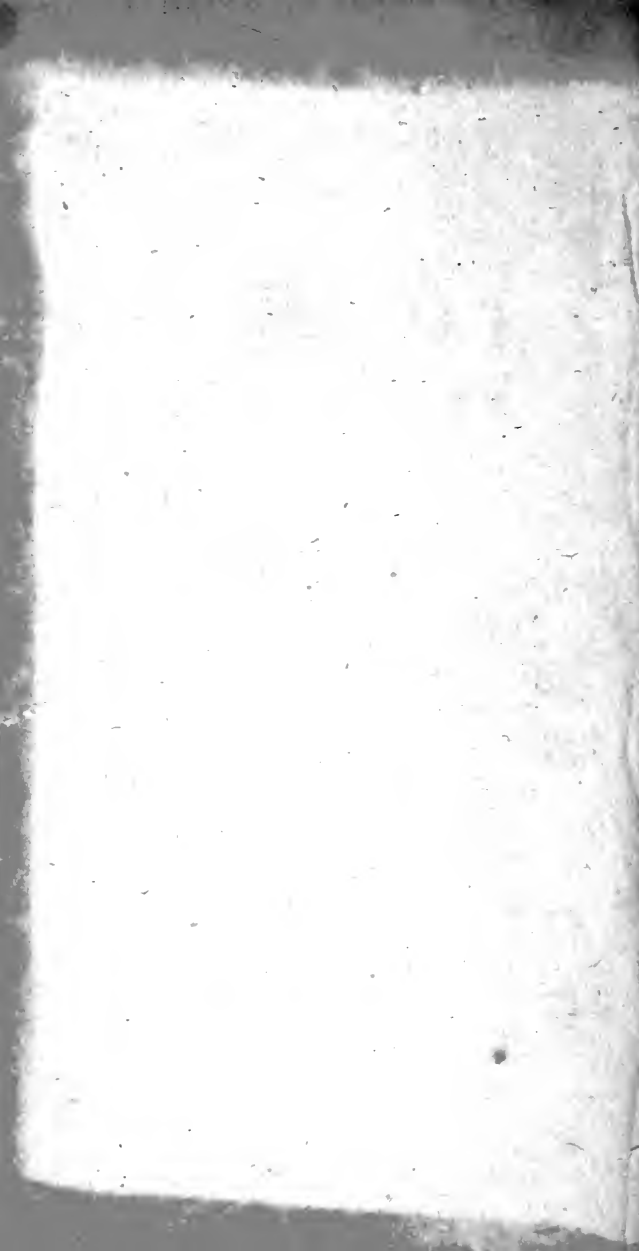
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